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ANCIENT

SCOTTISH BALLADS.

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ANCIENT

SCOTTISH BALLADS,

RECOVERED FROM TRADITION, AND NEVER

BEFORE PUBLISHED:

WITH

NOTES,

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY:

AND

AN APPENDIX,

Containing the Airs of several of the Ballads.

Geo. R. Kinnear

Sum bethe of wer, and sum of wo;
And sum of ioie, and mirthe also;
And sum of trecherie, and sum of gile;
Of old auentours that fel while.

Lais le Freyn.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, & GREEN,

AND JOHN STEVENSON, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXXVII.

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TO

ROBERT DUNDAS,

ESQUIRE, OF ARNISTON,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS

VERY FAITHFUL AND OBEDIENT

SERVANT,

GEO. R. KINLOCH.

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

The Editor, in laying this work before the public, deems it unnecessary to make any apology for rescuing from oblivion those remains of our ancient Scottish ballads, which have escaped the researches of former Collectors. If, according to some eminent writers, the manners and customs of our ancestors be described;—their characters and pursuits delineated;—the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the prevailing superstitions, of a country but little advanced in civilization, be displayed in ancient ballad poetry; then, he may be permitted to express a hope, that this volume will not be considered an useless addition to those collections of Scottish traditionary poetry already published.

After the successful and important labours of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jamieson, and others, it might have been thought that the harvest had been so thoroughly reaped, as to leave but a bare and arid field behind. Yet, though the collections of those eminent individuals stand unrivalled in excellence, and contain the best, perhaps, of our ancient ballads, the harvest was too rich, and the field too wide, not to allow a few scattered patches to escape untouched for future collectors to gather in. Whilst, therefore, the works alluded to are chiefly confined to the South of Scotland, the present collection is almost entirely composed of ballads obtained in the 'North Countrie,' a district hitherto but little explored, though by no means destitute of traditionary poetry.

Although this work may not rank with those above mentioned, yet, it is hoped, there will be found in it a few ballads not unworthy of preservation. They have all been taken down from recitation; and, so far as the Editor is aware, have never before been published: and though some of them will be found to be

different versions of ballads already given to the public, yet, in general, the difference is so marked and essential, that, in some instances, were it not for the similarity of story, they might almost rank as separate and distinct compositions. The same remark applies to many English ballads current in Scotland, which have assumed a dress and character so different from their own, that, but for some striking peculiarities, it would be scarcely possible to discover to which country they had originally belonged.

Such discrepancies, however, are inseparable from ballad poetry handed down by tradition, more especially when we consider the source from which it is generally derived; the common people being the usual depositaries of our "legendary lore," who are apt to alter the structure and detail of ballads, by interpolating stanzas, curtailing what they do not understand, and substituting whatever may please their own fancy or caprice, in order to suit the dialect, or other circumstances, of local situation.

But in a work of this kind, where it was the Editor's chief intention, to form a collection

of the ballad poetry of the North, he conceived it would have been improper to exclude any piece, merely because it may have been previously published in another form; especially as it showed the state in which traditionary poetry has been preserved in that quarter. But, as it was also "the original design of the Editor," (to use the words of Mr. Jamieson, while engaged in a similar pursuit,) "in making this compilation, to select not only such hitherto unpublished pieces as were entitled, by their own intrinsic merit, independent of other considerations, to the notice of the public; but such also as, by differing materially from the copies already given to the world, (even when that difference exhibited no examples of superior excellence,) contributed to illustrate the state of traditionary poetry in general, and of ballad poetry in Scotland in particular; there will be found in this work several popular ditties, the stories of which are already known to the admirers of such things, although they here appear in a dress entirely

new to the mere readers of ancient minstrelsy."*

The ballads in the present collection are given as they were taken down from recitation; and though, no doubt, in many respects requiring emendation, to render them in some instances more intelligible, the Editor has scrupulously abstained from taking any liberties with their text, farther than merely transposing a few occasional words to correct an obvious error of the reciter.

The airs of several of the ballads are given as an Appendix. These have been communicated to the Editor by a friend who noted them down from the singing of those individuals who furnished the ballads to which they apply. Whether these airs be strictly conform to musical principles, it is needless to inquire. They are given exactly as they have been in use to be sung to their respective ballads; and are re-

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* Ballads, vol. 1. p. 80.

duced into such *time* as best suited the manner of singing them. As they, in general, possess that simplicity peculiar to ancient airs, they seem upon the whole to be worthy of preservation.

Edinburgh, Feb. 1827.

YOUNG REDIN.

The introductory note to the ballad of "Earl Richard" in the second volume of the Border Minstrelsy, mentions that, "There are two ballads in Mr. Herd's MSS. upon the following story, in one of which the unfortunate knight is termed Young Huntin. A fragment, containing from the sixth to the tenth verse, has been repeatedly published. The best verses are selected from both copies, and some trivial alterations have been adopted from tradition." The Editor has not seen Mr. Herd's MSS., and has therefore been unable to collate the present copy with the two versions mentioned in the above note. But, judging of the ballad of *Earl Richard*, as published by Sir Walter Scott, which, he says, is composed "of the best verses," selected from

both those copies, the Editor is inclined to believe that the ballad of *Young Redin* differs essentially, both in incident and detail from either of them. The ballad of *Lord William*, in the same volume, is evidently founded on the same story.

This copy has been recovered from the recitation of Miss E. Beattie, of Edinburgh, a native of Mearns-shire, who sings it to a plaintive, though somewhat monotonous air of one measure.

YOUNG REDIN.

Young Redin's til * the huntin gane,
  Wi' therty lords and three;
And he has til his true-love gane,
  As fast as he could hie.

"Ye're welcome here, my young Redin,
  For coal and candle licht;
And sae are ye, my young Redin,
  To bide † wi' me the nicht."

"I thank ye for your licht, ladie,
  Sae do I for your coal;
But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee
  Meets me at Brandie's well."

Whan they were at their supper set,
  And merrily drinking wine,

---

* *Til*—to † *Bide*—stay.

This ladie has tane * a sair sickness,
  And til her bed has gane.

Young Redin he has followed her,
  And a dowie † man was he;
He fund his true-love in her bouer,
  And the tear was in her ee ‡.

Whan he was in her arms laid,
  And gieing her kisses sweet,
Then out she's tane a little penknife,
  And wounded him sae deep.

"O! lang, lang, is the winter nicht,
  And slawly daws § the day;
There is a slain knicht in my bouer,
  And I wish he war ‖ away."

Then up bespak her bouer-woman,
  And she spak ae wi' spite:—
"An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,
  It's yoursel that has the wyte ¶."

---

* *Tane*—taken. † *Dowie*—dull. ‡ *Eee*—eye. § *Daws*—dawns.
‖ *War*—was. ¶ *Wyte*—blame.

"O heal * this deed on me, Meggy,
O heal this deed on me,
The silks that war shapen for me gen Pasche †,
They sall be sewed for thee."

"O I hae heal'd on my mistress
A twalmonth and a day,
And I hae heal'd on my mistress,
Mair than I can say."

They've booted him, and they've spurred him,
As he was wont to ride:—
A huntin horn round his neck,
And a sharp sword by his side;
In the deepest place o' Clyde's water,
It's there they've made his bed.

Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,
As he sat on the tree,—
"And hae ye kill'd him young Redin,
Wha ne'er had love but thee!"

---

* *Heal*—conceal. † *Pasche*—Easter.

"Come doun, come doun, ye wylie parrot,
Come doun into my hand;
Your cage sall be o' the beaten gowd,
When now it's but the wand."

"I winna come doun, I canna come doun,
I winna come doun to thee;
For as ye've dune * to young Redin,
Ye'll do the like to me;
Ye'll thraw my head aff my hause-bane †,
And throw me in the sea."

O there cam seekin young Redin,
Monie a lord and knicht;
And there cam seekin young Redin,
Monie a ladie bricht.

And they hae ‡ til his true-love gane,
Thinking he was wi' her;
* * * *
* * * *

---

* *Dune*—done. † *Hause-bane*—the collar-bone. ‡ *Hae*—have.

"I hae na seen him, young Redin,
Sin yesterday at noon;
He turn'd his stately steed about,
And hied him through the toun.

"But ye'll seek Clyde's water up and doun,
Ye'll seek it out and in—
I hae na seen him, young Redin,
Sin yesterday at noon."

Then up bespak young Redin's mither,
And a dowie woman was scho *;—
"There's na a place in a' Clyde's water,
But my son wad gae through."

They've sought Clyde's water up and doun,
They've sought it out and in,
And the deepest place o' Clyde's water
They fund young Redin in.

O white, white, war his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout;

---

* *Scho*—she, still used in Mearns-shire.

But as the traitor she cam near,
  His wounds they gushed out!

"It's surely been my bouer-woman,
  O ill may her betide;
I ne'er wad * slain him young Redin,
  And thrown him in the Clyde."

Then they've made a big bane-fire,
  The bouer-woman to brin †;
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
  It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the cruel hands
  That put young Redin in.

Then they've tane out the bouer-woman,
  And put the ladie in:
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
  It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the fause, fause ‡, arms,
  That young Redin lay in.

---

* *Wad*—would. † *Brin*—burn. ‡ *Fause*—false.

NOTES

ON

YOUNG REDIN.

But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee,
Meets me at Brandie's well.—p. 3, v. 3.

"In the dark ages of Popery, it was a custom, if any *well* had an awful situation, and was seated in some lonely melancholy vale; if its water was clear and limpid, and beautifully margined with the tender grass; or if it was looked upon as having a medicinal quality; to gift it to some *Saint*, and honour it with his name. Hence it is, that we have at this day wells and fountains called, some St. John's, St. Mary Magdalen's, St. Mary's Well, &c."—*Brand's Pop. Antiq.* p. 82. These wells were the usual rendezvous of lovers, who attracted by their solitary situation, and impressed with the sacred character which they bore, as being dedicated to some holy person, believed that the vows of love and constancy breathed beside them, would burn with a purer and more lasting flame.

They were also believed to be the favourite haunts of water-nymphs and spirits, who delighted in their secluded beauty, and wantoned in their limpid streams. The reader need scarcely be reminded, that this belief, which is evidently derived from the heathen mythology, is alluded to in the tales of the Bride of Lammermoor, and the Monastery. In the latter of these (vol. 1, p. 312), the naiad of the fountain is invoked by the following charm:—" He cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:—

" Thrice to the holly brake—
Thrice to the well:—
I bid thee awake,
White maid of Avenel!

" Noon gleams on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell,—
Wake thee, O wake,
White maid of Avenel."

But as the traitor she cam near,
His wounds they gushed out.—p. 8, v. 21.

The superstitious belief that blood would issue from the wounds of a murdered person, at the approach, or touch of the murderer, is of great antiquity, and is still

prevalent in Scotland among the lower orders. It was the practice, when a murder was committed, and where the circumstances attending it were mysterious, or the proof doubtful, to have recourse to the ordeal of making the suspected person lay his hand upon the dead body, in order to discover his guilt; for it was believed that if guilty, the wounds would instantly bleed at the touch. The Editor recollects of this ordeal having been practised at Aberdeen, about twenty years ago, on the occasion of the dead body of a pregnant woman having been found in the neighbouring canal. It was suspected that she had been murdered by her sweetheart, the reputed father of the unborn infant, who was accordingly seized by the populace, and taken by force to the place where the dead body lay, in order to undergo this ordeal as a test of his guilt. It was said, that as soon as he touched the body, blood flowed from the nostrils; a circumstance, which, though it may have proceeded from natural causes, was decisive of his guilt in the eyes of the vulgar. As there was, however, no other *proof* against him, he was permitted to escape.

This ordeal was also practised on human *bones* which had remained long undiscovered, and which were believed to be the remains of some one who had been murdered and secretly buried.—In these cases, as suspicion could fall on no particular person, the people in the neighbourhood were assembled by the civil Magistrate to evince their innocence by this mode of purgation.—" As the said Andrew Mackie, his wife went to bring in some peets for the fire, when she came to the door she found a broad stone to shake under her

foot, which she never knew to be loose before; she resolved with herself to see what was beneath it in the morning thereafter. Upon the 6th of Aprile, when the house was quiet, she went to the stone, and there found seven small bones, with blood, and some flesh, all closed in a piece of old suddled paper; the blood was fresh and bright. The sight whereof troubled her, and being affraid, laid all down again, and ran to Colline, his house being a quarter of an mile distant:—In the middle of the day, the persons alive who lived in that house since it was built, being about twenty-eight years, were conveined by appointment of the civil Magistrate before Colline, myself, and others, and did all touch the bones, in respect there was some suspicion of secret murder committed in the place; but nothing was found to discover the same."—*Telfair's True Relation of an Apparition, &c.* 1695.

The custom of laying the hand on the breast of a person who has died from natural disease, (which is done by every one who enters the room where the corpse lies), is undoubtedly allied to this belief, and is viewed by the vulgar as no idle ceremony. It is believed that it prevents one from dreaming of the dead person, and it is also practised to show the friendship borne towards the deceased, as evincing that they had no hand in the death.

EARL RICHARD.

In Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' vol. 3, will be found a ballad on the same subject as the present, under the title of *The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter*. 'This ballad,' says Percy, 'given from an old black-letter copy with some corrections, was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to 'Gul. Newbrig. Hist. Oxon.' 1719, 8vo. vol. 1. p. lxx.—It is quoted in Fletcher's Comedy of the Pilgrim, act IV. sc. 1.' The Editor has fortunately procured from recitation three different versions of this ballad in a Scottish dress. Two of these differing only in the number of stanzas, and some trivial points, are here incorporated, under the title of *Earl Richard*. No other liberty is taken

with the text, but merely transferring a few verses of the one copy to the other, to render it more complete and connected in its detail. The third version, entitled *The Shepherd's Dochter*, being somewhat different in its text, and having the very common chorus of *Diddle, diddle, &c.* accompanying each verse in singing, is also inserted at the end of this copy.

The artifices which the lady practises to maintain the character of a "beggar's brat," and the lively description which she gives of the "gentle craft," are kept up with great spirit and fancy. The English copy, which is decidedly inferior, both in poetical composition and archness of humour, is entirely destitute of this part, even in allusion. The Scottish language has given such a playful *naiveté* to these ballads, that one would be apt to suppose that version to be the original, were it not that the invariable use of English titles, which are retained in all the Scottish copies, betrays the ballad to have emanated from the south, although it has otherwise assumed the character of a northern production.

EARL RICHARD.

THERE was a shepherd's dochter *
Kept sheep on yonder hill;
Bye cam a knicht frae the king's court,
And he wad hae his will.

Whan he had got his wills o' her,
His will as he has tane;—
"Wad ye be sae gude and kind,
As tell to me your name?"

"Some ca's me Jock, some ca's me John,
Some disna ken† my name;
But whan I'm in the king's court,
Mitchcock is my name."

---

* *Dochter*—daughter. † *Disna ken*—do not know.

"Mitchcock! hey!" the lady did say,
And spelt it oure again;—
"If that's your name in the latin tongue,
Earl Richard is your name!"

O jumpt he upon his horse,
And said he wad gae ride;
Kilted* she her green claithing,
And said she wad na bide.

And he was never sae discreet,
As bid her loup † on and ride;
And she was ne'er sae meanly bred,
As for to bid him bide.

And whan they cam to yon water,
It was running like a flude;—
"I've learnt it in my mither's bouer,
I've learnt it for my gude,
That I can soum ‡ this wan § water,
Like a fish in a flude.

---

* *Kilted*—tucked up. † *Loup*—jump. ‡ *Soum*—Swim.
§ *Wan*—dark-coloured.

I've learnt it in my father's bouer,
I've learnt it for my better,
And I will soum this wan water,
As tho' I was ane otter."

"Jump on behind, ye weill-faur'd may*,
Or do ye chuse to ride?"
"No, thank ye, sir," the lady said,
"I wad rather chuse to wyde†;"—
And afore that he was mid-water,
She was at the ither side.

"Turn back, turn back, ye weill-faur'd may,
My heart will brak in three;"—
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wad na let me be."

"Whare gat ye that gay claithing,
This day I see on thee?"
"My mither was a gude milk-nurse,
And a gude nourice was she,
She nurs'd the Earl o' Stockford's ae dochter‡,
And gat a' this to me."

---

* *Weill-faur'd may*—handsome maid. † *Wyde*—wade.
‡ *Ae dochter*—only daughter.

Whan she cam to the king's court,
She rappit wi' a ring;
Sae ready was the king himsel'
To lat the lady in.

"Gude day, gude day, my liege the king,
Gude day, gude day, to thee;"
"Gude day," quo' he, "my lady fair,
What is't ye want wi' me?"

"There is a knicht into your court,
This day has robbed me;"—
"O has he tane your gowd," he says,
"Or has he tane your fee?"

"He has na tane my gowd," she says,
"Nor yet has he my fee;
But he has tane my maiden-head,
The flow'r o' my bodie."

"O gin* he be a single man,
His body I'll gie thee;
But gin he be a married man,
I'll hang him on a tree."

---

* *Gin*—if.

Then out bespak the queen hersel',
Wha sat by the king's knee:—
"There's na a knicht in a' our court
Wad hae dune that to thee,
Unless it war my brither, Earl Richard,
And forbid it, it war he!

"Wad ye ken your fause love,
Amang a hundred men?"
"I wad," said the bonnie ladie,
"Amang five hundred and ten."

The king made a' his merry men pass,
By ane, by twa, and three;
Earl Richard us'd to be the first man,
But was hindmost man that day.

He cam hauping* on ae foot,
And winking wi' ae ee;—
"Ha! ha!" cried the bonnie ladie,
"That same young man are ye."

---

* *Hauping*—limping.

He has pou'd* out a hundred pounds,
Weel lockit† in a glove;—
"Gin ye be a courteous may,
Ye'll chose anither love."

"What care I for your hundred pounds?
Nae mair than ye wad for mine;
What's a hundred pounds to me,
To a marriage wi' a king!

"I'll hae nane o' your gowd,
Nor either o' your fee;
But I will hae your ain bodie,
The king has grantit me."

"O was ye gentle gotten, maid?
Or was ye gentle born?
Or hae ye onie gerss‡ growin'?
Or hae ye onie corn?

Or hae ye onie lands or rents,
Lying at libertie?

---

* *Pou'd*—pulled. † *Lockit*—enclosed. ‡ *Gerss*—grass.

Or hae ye onie education,
To dance alang wi' me?"

"I was na gentle gotten, madam,
Nor was I gentle born;
Neither hae I gerss growin',
Nor hae I onie corn.

"I hae na onie lands or rents,
Lying at libertie;
Nor hae I onie education,
To dance alang wi' thee."

Whan the marriage it was oure,
And ilk ane took their horse,—
"It never sat a beggar's brat,
At na knicht's back to be."

He lap on ae milk-white steed,
And she lap on anither,
And syne the twa rade out the way,
Like sister and like brither.

The ladie met wi' a beggar-wife,
And gied her half o' crown—

"Tell a' your neebours whan ye gae hame,
That Earl Richard's your gude-son*."

"O haud your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will brak in three;"—
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wad na lat me be."

Whan she cam to yon nettle-dyke—
"An my auld mither was here,
Sae weill as she wad ye pou;
She wad boil ye weill, and butter ye weill,
And sup till she war fou†,
Syne lay her head upo' her dish doup‡,
And sleep like onie sow."

And whan she came to Tyne's water,
She wylilie§ did say—
"Fareweil ye mills o' Tyne's water,
With thee I bid gude-day.

Fareweil ye mill's o' Tyne's water,
To you I bid gude-een;

---

* *Gude-son*—son-in-law. † *Fou*—full. ‡ *Doup*—bottom.
§ *Wylilie*—cunningly.

Whare monie a time I've fill'd my pock,
At mid-day and at een."

"Hoch!* had I drank the well-water,
Whan first I drank the wine,
Never a mill-capon
Wad hae been a love o' mine."

Whan she cam to Earl Richard's house
The sheets war Hollan'† fine—
"O haud awa thae‡ linen sheets,
And bring to me the linsey§ clouts,
I hae been best used in."

"O haud your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will brak in three;"—
"And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wad na lat me be."

"I wish I had drank the well-water,
Whan first I drank the beer,
That ever a shepherd's dochter
Shou'd hae been my only dear."

---

* *Hoch!*—Oh! Alas!

† *Hollan'*—a term given to fine linen, the manufacture of Holland.

‡ *Thae*—those. § *Linsey*—coarse woollen cloth.

"Ye'll turn about, Earl Richard,
And mak some mair o' me:*
An ye mak me lady o' ae puir plow,
I can mak you laird o' three."

"If ye be the Earl o' Stockford's dochter,
As I've some thouchts ye be,
Aft hae I waited at your father's yett†
But your face I ne'er could see."

Whan they cam to her father's yett,
She tirled on the pin‡;
And an auld belly-blind§ man was sittin' there
As they were entering in:—

"The meetest marriage," the belly-blind did cry,
"Atween the ane and the ither;
Atween the Earl o' Stockford's ae dochter,
And the queen o' England's brither."

---

* *Mak' some mair o' me*—show me more kindness, and attention.
† *Yett*—gate. ‡ *Tirled on the pin*—twirled the latch or door-pin.
§ *Belly-blind*—stone-blind.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOCHTER.

There was a shepherd's dochter,
  Kept sheep on yonder hill;
There cam a knicht o' courage bricht,
  And he wad hae his will.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
  Gien her a gown o' green;—
"Tak ye that, fair may," he said,
  "Na mair o' me 'll be seen."

"Sin ye hae tane your wills o' me,
  Your wills o' me ye've tane;
Sin ye hae tane your wills o' me,
  Pray tell to me your name."

"O, some they ca' me Jack, ladie,
  And ithers ca' me John,
But whan I am in the King's court,
  Sweet William is my name."

She has kilted* up her green claithing,
A little below the knee,
And she has gane to the king's court,
As fast as she could hie.

And whan she cam unto the king,
She knelt low on her knee;—
"There is a man into your court,
This day has robbed me."

"Has he robbed ye o' your gowd,
Or of your white money,†
Or robbed ye o' the flow'ry branch,
The flow'r of your bodie."

"He has na robb'd me of my gowd,
Nor of my white money;
But he's robb'd me o' the flow'ry branch,
The flow'r of my bodie."

"O gin he be a bondsman,
High hangit sall he be;
But gin he be a freeman,
He sall weel provide for thee."

---

* *Kilted*—tucked. † *White Money*—silver.

The king has call'd on his nobles all,
By therty and by three;
Sweet William should hae been the foremost,
But the hindmost man was he.

"Do ye mind yon Shepherd's dochter,
Ye met on yonder hill,
Whan a' her flocks were feeding round,
Of her ye took your will."

Then he's tane out a purse o' gowd,
Tied up intil a glove;—
"Sae, tak ye that, fair may," he says,
"And choice for you a love."

O he's tane out three hundred pund,
Tied up intil a purse—
"See, tak ye that, fair may," he says,
"And that will pay the nurse."

"I'll neither have your gowd," she says,
Nor yet your white money,
But I will hae the king's grant,
That he has granted me."

He has tane her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither,
And to his castle they hae rode,
Like sister and like brither.

O ilka nettle that they cam to—
" O weill mote* you grow,
For monie a day, my minnie† and me
Hae pilkit‡ at your pow."§

O ilka mill that they cam to—
" O weill mote you clap,‖
For monie a day, my minnie and me
Hae buckled¶ up our lap.

" You're the king o' England's ae brither,
I trust weill that ye be;
I'm the Earl o' Stamford's ae dochter,
He has na mae** but me."

O saw ye ere sic†† a near marriage,
Atween the ane and the ither,—
The Earl o' Stamford's ae dochter,
And the king o' England's brither.

---

* *Mote*—may. † *Minnie*—mother. ‡ *Pilkit*—plucked.
§ *Pow*—top. ‖ *Clap*—clack. ¶ *Buckled*—tucked.
** *Mae*—more. †† *Sic*—so.

NOTES

ON

EARL RICHARD.

Bye cam a knicht frae the king's court.—p. 15, v. 1.

In place of "King's Court," one of the copies has "*the High College.*" Are we thence to suppose that Earl Richard was a wild *Cantab* or *Oxonian?*

But whan I'm in the king's court,
Mitchcock is my name.—p. 15, v. 3.

The Editor is at a loss to discover the meaning of this name, and he can only view it as a fictitious title assumed by the Earl to impose on the lady. But from her seeming previous knowledge of him, she was not easily deceived; and by having recourse to a learned language to unriddle his title, she, in her turn, attempts to deceive the knight, by making him believe that it was solely from the "latin tongue" she knew it to be Earl Richard.

Whan she cam to the king's court,
She rappit wi' a ring.—p. 18, v. 12.

The *risp and ringle* was the ancient mode of making application for admission. They have been superseded by the bell and knocker, altho' they are yet to be seen on the doors of some old houses in Edinburgh. The *risp* "was formed of a small square rod of iron, twisted or otherwise notched, which was placed perpendicularly, starting out a little from the door, bearing a small *ring* of the same metal, which an applicant for admittance drew rapidly up and down the *nicks* [notches], so as to produce a grating sound."—*Traditions of Edinburgh.*

When she cam to yon nettle-dyke.—p. 22, v. 32.

The practice of gathering nettles for making *kail*, or broth, was once very common in Scotland, among the poorer class. They were also considered an excellent antiscorbutic, and are still used by some on account of this medicinal quality.

Never a mill-capon,
Wad hae been a love o' mine.—p. 23, v. 35.

A *mill-capon* was a designation given to a poor person who sought charity at mills from those who had grain grinding. The alms were usually a *gowpen* or handful of meal. It was likewise customary to hang up a pock in the mill, into which a handful of meal was put for the use of the poor, out of the quantity ground. It is feared that this *charitable multure* is no longer given.

LORD LOVEL.

This ballad, taken down from the recitation of a lady of Roxburghshire, appears to claim affinity to Border Song; and the title of the "discourteous squire," would incline one to suppose that it has derived its origin from some circumstance connected with the county of Northumberland, where *Lovel* was anciently a well known name. *Lovele* is the name of one of the heroes of Otterburn:

> "Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele
> A knyght of great renowen,
> Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
> With dyntes wear beaten dowene."

"Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland 34. Hen. VII. [VIII.] Joh. de

Lavele, mil. in the I. Edw. VI. and afterwards, (Fuller, 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel, p. 304. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland, whose ancestor was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to be guardians of Magna Charta." *Reliq. Anc. Poetry*, vol. 1, *Notes to Chevy Chase.*

LORD LOVEL.

Lord Lovel stands at his stable door,
Mounted upon a grey steed;
And bye came Ladie Nanciebel,
And wish'd Lord Lovel much speed.

"O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel,
My dearest tell to me?"
"O I am going a far journey,
Some strange countrie to see;

But I'll return in seven long years,
Lady Nanciebel to see."
"O! seven, seven, seven long years,
They are much too long for me."

* * * * *

He was gane a year away,
  A year but barely ane,
Whan a strange fancy cam into his head,
  That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rade, and better rade,
  Until he cam to the toun,
And there he heard a dismal noise,
  For the church bells a' did soun'.

He asked what the bells rang for,
  They said, " It's for Nanciebel:
She died for a discourteous squire,
  And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid o' the coffin he opened up,
  The linens he faulded doun;
And ae he kiss'd her pale, pale, lips,
  And the tears cam trinkling doun.

"Weill may I kiss those pale, pale, lips,
  For they will never kiss me;—
I'll mak a vow, and keep it true,
  That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's nicht,
  Lord Lovel upon the niest day;
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure, love,
  Lord Lovel, for deep sorray*.

---

* *Sorray*—Sorrow.

JOHNIE OF COCKLESMUIR.

THOUGH this ballad differs materially from those which have been published under the titles of *Johnie of Breadislee* and *Johnie of Cockielaw*, yet it is undoubtedly founded on the same story. *Johnie of Breadislee* was first published in the 'The Border Minstrelsy' as 'an ancient Nithsdale Ballad.' The present copy was procured in the north country. A few of its stanzas have been already published under the title of *Johnie of Braidisbank*, in the 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;' but the ballad is here given complete. It is evidently of a more ancient cast than *Johnie of Breadislee;* its catastrophe is different; and from the repetition of the concluding line of each stanza, it appears to have been more adapted for singing.

'Johnie of Breadislee,' says the Editor of the Border Minstrelsy, 'appears to have been an outlaw and deer stealer, probably one of the broken men residing upon the Border. It is sometimes said that this outlaw possessed the old castle of Morton in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous.'

JOHNIE OF COCKLESMUIR.

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
  Call'd for water to wash his hands;
And he has call'd for his gude gray hunds,
  That lay bund in iron bands, bands,
  That lay bund in iron bands.

"Ye'll busk*, ye'll busk, my noble dogs,
  Ye'll busk and mak them boun†,
For I'm going to the Broadspear-hill,
  To ding the dun deer doun, doun,
  To ding the dun deer doun."

Whan Johnie's mither heard o' this,
  She til her son has gane;—

---

* *Busk*—prepare. † *Boun*—ready.

"Ye'll win your mither's benison,*
Gin ye wad† stay at hame, hame,
Gin ye wad stay at hame.

Your meat sall be of the very, very best,
And your drink o' the finest wine;
And ye will win your mither's benison,
Gin ye wad stay at hame, hame,
Gin ye wad stay at hame.

His mither's counsel he wad na tak,
Nor wad he stay at hame;
But he's on to the Broadspear-hill,
To ding the dun deer doun, doun,
To ding the dun deer doun.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And a little below the sun;
And there he spied the dun deer sleeping,
Aneath a buss o' brume, brume,
Aneath a buss o' brume‡.

---

* *Mither's benison*—mother's blessing. † *Wad*—would.

‡ *Buss o' brume*—bush of broom.

Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,*
And he's woundit him in the side;
And atween the water and the wud,†
He laid the dun deer's pride, pride,
He laid the dun deer's pride.

They ate sae meikle‡ o' the venison,
And drank sae meikle o' the blude,§
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds,
Fell asleep in yonder wud, wud,
Fell asleep in yonder wud.

By there cam a silly auld man,
And a silly auld man was he;
And he's aff to the proud foresters,
To tell what he did see, see,
To tell what he did see.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man,
What news, come tell to me?"

---

* *Lap*—leapt. † *Wud*—wood. ‡ *Sae meikle*—so much.

§ *Blude*—blood.

"Na news, na news," said the silly auld man,
But what my een did see, see,
But what my een did see,

As I cam in by yon greenwud,
And doun amang the scrogs*,
The bonniest youth that e'er I saw,
Lay sleeping atween twa dogs, dogs,
Lay sleeping atween twa dogs.

The sark that he had on his back,
Was o' the Holland sma';
And the coat that he had on his back,
Was laced wi' gowd fu' braw, braw,
Was laced wi' gowd fu' braw.

Up bespak the first forester.
The first forester of a'—
"An this be Johnie o' Cocklesmuir,
It's time we were awa, awa,
It's time we were awa."

---

* *Scrogs*—stunted bushes.

Up bespak the niest forester,
The niest forester of a'—
"An this be Johnie Cocklesmuir,
To him we winna draw, draw,
To him we winna draw."

The first shot that they did shoot,
They woundit him on the thie;*
Up bespak the uncle's son,—
"The niest will gar him die, die,
The niest will gar him die."

"Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,
Stand stout and dinna flee;
Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,
And we will mak them die, die,
And we will mak them die."

He has killed six o' the proud foresters,
And wounded the seventh sair;
He laid his leg out owre his steed,
Says, "I will kill na mair, mair,
Says, "I will kill na mair."

---

* *Thie*—thigh.

NOTE

ON

JOHNIE OF COCKLESMUIR.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And a little below the sun.—p. 39 v. 6.

In those stanzas of this ballad published in the "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," the last line runs thus:

And its lang before the sun, sun.

But the Editor is inclined to hold the former as the true reading; it being a well known practice, especially among huntsmen, in order to discover an object in the twilight, to bend downwards, and look low between the dark ground and the faint glimmering light from the heavens,—which is termed *looking below the sky.* In the Highlands, where the mountain roads are dangerous, and almost impassable in winter, long black poles, with white tops, are placed at intervals along the path, to guide the traveller; and these are only discernible in the dark, by "*looking below the sky*" at every short distance.

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

The following ballad seems to be allied, in incident at least, to that of "*Lady Anne*," in the 2d vol. of the Border Minstrelsy. Both are founded on the story of a cruel mother murdering the fruits of an illicit amour. Our criminal records of the 17th century, bear evidence of the frequent occurrence of this unnatural crime; for preventing which, the Scottish parliament in 1690, had recourse to a severe law; which declared that a mother concealing her pregnancy, and not calling in assistance at the birth, should be presumed guilty of murder, if the child were found dead or amissing.* If the

* It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader, that the tale of "the Heart of Midlothian", is chiefly founded on a breach of this law.

crime was subversive of the most tender feelings of our nature, and was viewed as unnatural and barbarous, the law, enacted for its prevention, was strongly tinged with inhumanity. Yet, severe as this law was, more than a century elapsed before it was repealed: In 1809 the British legislature, viewing the matter with greater leniency, wisely preferred a punishment of imprisonment to that of death, for a presumptive crime.

The superstitious belief of the ghost of a murdered person haunting the slayer, is still prevalent among the vulgar; and the circumstance of a mother, bereaving her innocent babe of life, and the horror with which such a crime is viewed, might naturally give rise to the idea of her being continually haunted by its apparition.

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

There lives a lady in London—
All alone, and alonie;
She's gane wi' bairn to the clerk's* son—
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

She has tane her mantle her about—
All alone, and alonie;
She's gane aff to the gude greenwud,
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

She has set her back until an aik—
All alone, and alonie;
First it bowed and syne it brake—
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

---

* *Clerk*—The priest.

She has set her back until a brier—
All alone, and alonie;
Bonnie were the twa boys she did bear,
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

But out she's tane a little penknife—
All alone, and alonie;
And she's parted them and their sweet life,
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

She's aff unto her father's ha'—
All alone, and alonie;
She seem'd the lealest* maiden amang them a',
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

As she lookit our the castle wa'—
All alone, and alonie;
She spied twa bonnie boys playing at the ba'
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

"O an thae twa babes were mine"—
All alone, and alonie;

---

* *Lealest*—truest.

"They should wear the silk and the sabelline,"*
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

"O mother dear, when we were thine"—
All alone, and alonie;
"We neither wore the silks nor the sabelline,"
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

"But out ye took a little penknife,—
All alone, and alonie;
"An ye parted us and our sweet life,
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

But now we're in the heavens hie—
All alone, and alonie;
And ye have the pains o' hell to dree"†—
Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie.

---

* *Sabelline*—Sable-skin; French *Sabeline.*

* *Dree*—suffer, endure.

LAIRD OF WARIESTOUN.

The tragical event on which this ballad is founded is thus detailed in the criminal indictment upon which "Robert Weir sumtime servand to the Laird of Dunniepace," one of the accomplices in the murder, was tried and condemned at Edinburgh, on 26th June 1604.—"To witt, fforsamekill as umq[l] Jeane Levingstone, guidwife of Wariestoun, haifing sustanet ane deidlie rancor, haitrent, and malice agains umq[l] Johnne Kincaid of Wariestoun, for the allegit byting of her in the airme, and streking her dyverss tymes, the said Jeane, in the moneth of Junii 1600 yeires, directit Jonet Murdo her nureis to the said Robert [Weir] to the Abbay of halyrudhous, quhair he was for the tyme, desyreing him to cum doun to Wariestoun and

speck with her anent the crewall and unnaturall taking away of her said husband's lyfe. And the said Robert haifing cum doun twyse or thryse to the said umq[l] Jeane, to the said place of Wariestoun, he culd get na speich of her. At last the said umq[l] Jeane upon the first day of July 1600 yeiris directit the said Jonet Murdo her nureiss to him, desyreing him of new agane to cum doun to her; quhairto the said Robert grantit. Lykeas at efternone the said day the said Robert cam to the said place of Wariestoun, quhair he spak with the said umq[l] Jeane, and conferrit with her concerning the crewall, unnaturall, and abhominable murthering of the said umq[l] Johnne Kincaid. And for performeance quhairof the said Robert Weir was secreitlie convoyit to ane laich seller within the said place, quhairin he abaid quhill mydnicht; about the quhilk tyme, he accumpaneit with the said umq[l] Jeane Levingstone cam furth of the said laich seller up to the hall of the said place, and thairfra cam to the chalmer quhair the said umq[l] Johnne was lyand in his bed takand the nicht's rest, and haifing enterit within the

said chalmer, persaveing the said umq^l^ Johnne to be walkint out of his sleip be thair dyn, and to preiss under his bed-stok, the said Robert cam than rynnand to him, and maist crewallie with the faldit neiffis gaif him ane deidlie and crewall straik on the vaine-organe, [flank-vein] quhairwith he dang the said umq^l^ Johnne to the grund out ower his bed, and thairefter crewallie strak him on the bellie with his feit, quhairupon he gaift a grit cry; and the said Robert, feiring the cry sould haif bene hard, he thairfore maist tirannouslie, barbaruslie, with his hand grippit him be the throtto or waisen, quhilk he held fast ane lang tyme quhill he wirreit him; during the quhilk tyme the said Johnne Kincaid lay struggilling and fechting in the panes of daith under him." He was adjudged "to be tane to ane skaffold, to be fixt besyde the croce of Ed^r^. and thair to be broken uponne ane Row* quhill he be deid, and to ly thairat during the space of 24 hours, and thairafter his

---

* *Row*—the Wheel.

body to be tane upone the said row, and set up in ane publick place betwix the place of Wariestoun and the town of Leith, and to remain thairupon ay and quhill command be gevin for the buriall thairof.—*Records of Justiciary.*

The lady did not escape the just punishment of her crime; for "Scho was tane to the Girth crosse*, upon the 5th day of Julii, [three days after the murder] and her heid struck frae her bodie, at the Cannagait fit, quha diet very patiently; her nurische was brunt at the same time, at 4 hours in the morning, the 5th of Julii.—*Birrel's Diary*, p. 49.

The reader will find another version of this ballad in Mr. Jamieson's collection. vol. 1. p. 109.

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* *Girth-Crosse*—so called from having once stood at the foot of the Canongate, near the *Girth* or sanctuary of Holyroodhouse.

LAIRD OF WARIESTOUN.

It was at dinner as they sat,
  And when they drank the wine,
How happy were the laird and lady,
  Of bonnie Wariestoun.

The lady spak but ae word,
  The matter to conclude;
The laird strak her on the mouth,
  Till she spat out o' blude.

She did not know the way
  Her mind to satisfy,
Till evil cam into her head,
  All by the Enemy.

* * * *

"At evening when ye sit,
And when ye drink the wine,
See that ye fill the glass well up
To the laird o' Wariestoun.

* * * *

So, at table as they sat,
And when they drank the wine,
She made the glass aft gae round,
To the Laird o' Wariestoun.

The nurice,* she knet the knot.
And O! she knet it sicker;†
The ladie did gie it a twig,‡
Till it began to wicker.§

But word has gane doun to Leith,
And up to Embro toun;
That the lady she has slain the laird,
The laird o' Wariestoun.

---

* *Nurice*—nurse. † *Sicker*—secure. † *Twig*—twitch.

Wicker—to twist, from being two tightly drawn.

Word's gane to her father, the great Duniepace,
  And an angry man was he;
Cries, "Fy! gar mak a barrel o' pikes,
  And row her doun some brae."

She said, "Wae be to ye Wariestoun.
  I wish ye may sink for sin;
For I hae been your gudwife
  These nine years, running ten;
And I never loved ye sae weill,
  As now when you're lying slain."

* * * *

But tak aff this gowd brocade,
  And let my petticoat be;
And tie a handkerchief round my face,
  That the people may not see."

* * * *

NOTES

ON

LAIRD OF WARIESTOUN.

Till evil cam into her head,
All by the Enemy.—p. 53. *v.* 3.

In Scotland, the devil is called, *par excellence*, "the Enemy" as being the grand enemy of mankind.

Word's gane to her father, the great Duniepace.—
p. 55. v. 8.

He was John Livingstone, of Dunipace in Stirlingshire; but the editor has not discovered why he merited the title of "Great."

Cries, "Fy! gar mak a barrel o' pikes,
And row her down some brae.—p. 55. *v.* 8.

This cruel and barbarous punishment, though seemingly known, has not, so far as the Editor is aware, been ever put in practice in Scotland. It appears, however, to have been familiar to some ancient nations, and to

have been adopted upon extraordinary occasions. After the Carthaginians had exhausted all the torments which their fancy could devise, on the virtuous Regulus, they resorted to this as the last and most exquisite of all their tortures. "First, his eyelids were cut off, and then he was, remanded to prison. He was, after some days, exposed with his face to the burning sun. At last, when malice was fatigued with studying all the arts of torture, he was put into a barrel of nails that pointed inwards, and in this painful position he continued till he died."—*Goldsmith's Roman Hist.* 8*vo. vol.* 1, *p.* 247. He may not, indeed, have been rolled down a "brae;" as that operation would have more speedily put an end to his sufferings, which it was the savage pleasure of his enemies to prolong.

LAIRD OF BLACKWOOD.

THE following traditionary history of this ballad was received from the reciter, an old woman in Lanark, who had it from her grandmother.—The Laird of Blackwood and the Marquis of —— were rivals in the affections of a lovely and amiable young lady, who, preferring the latter, became his wife. Blackwood, disappointed in his love, and stung with rage at the lady's partiality, vowed revenge, and concealing his insidious purposes under the mask of friendship, got easy access to the ear of the Marquis, in whose mind he sowed the seeds of jealousy by repeating false tales of his wife's infidelity. His nefarious plans succeeded; and the lady, after experiencing very cruel treatment from her lord, was, at last, separated from him.

Blackwood, the ancient seat of the Veres, is situated in the parish of Lesmahago, Lanarkshire.

A version of this ballad, under the title of *Jamie Douglas*, will be found in Mr. Finlay's collection of Scottish Ballads, vol. 2. p. 1. It differs considerably from the present, in text, characters and localities; and appears to be more complete. He conjectures that it was composed on the wife of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, the unfortunate regent of Scotland.

LAIRD OF BLACKWOOD.

"I lay sick, and very sick,
  And I was bad, and like to die,
  A friend o' mine cam to visit me;—
And Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear,
  That he was owre lang in chamber wi' me.

O! what need I dress up my head,
  Nor what need I kaim* doun my hair,
Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,
  And says he will na love me mair.

But O! an my young babe was born,
  And set upon some nourice† knee;
And I, mysel, war dead and gane,
  For a maid again I'll never be."—

---

* *Kaim*—comb. † *Nourice*—nurse.

"Na mair o' this, my dochter dear,
And of your mourning let abee;*
For a bill of divorce I'll gar† write for him,
A mair better lord I'll get for thee."

"Na mair o' this, my father dear,
And of your folly let abee;
For I wad na gie ae look o' my lord's face,
For a' the lords in the haill‡ countrie.

But I'll cast aff my robes o' red,
And I'll put on my robes o' blue;
Aud I will travel to some other land,
To see gin§ my love will on me rue.

There sall‖ na wash come on my face,
There sall na kaim come on my hair;
There sall neither coal, nor candle licht,
Be seen intil my bouer na mair.

---

* *Let abee*—let alone. † *Gar*—cause. ‡ *Haill*—whole.

§ *Gin*—if. ‖ *Sall*—shall.

O! wae be to thee Blackwood,
  And an ill death may ye die,
For ye've been the haill occasion
  Of parting my lord and me."

NOTE

ON

LAIRD OF BLACKWOOD.

And Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear—p.57 *v.* 1.

In Mr. Finlay's copy, this line runs

But his blackie whisper'd in my lord's ear;

and in a note upon this line he says, "One copy bears *black-bird*, and in another a *fause bird*. The blackie or black servant, seems however, the most likely agent of the three." There seems to be no good reason for this supposition, even admitting that negroes were used in Scotland, as attendants on the great, so early as the period assigned by Mr. Finlay, for the date of the ballad. May it not rather be presumed, that *blackie* is merely the familiar abbreviation of *Blackwood;* for it is a common practice in Scotland, to call proprietors by the name of their estates, which is often familiarly

abbreviated. This is a presumption, however, which goes the length of fixing *Blackwood*, as the original character in the story, which may not be altogether ceded, when we find " *Black Fastness*," in Mr. Finlay's copy, unless we assume the latter to be an interpolation.

THE WEDDING OF

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

THE fame of "bold Robin Hood," (to whom tradition has assigned the title of Earl of Huntington), and his *bon camarado* Little John, was not confined to England, but was well known in Scotland, where their gallant exploits are yet remembered, and have become still more familiar since the publication of "Ivanhoe;" in which romance

"Robin Hood, and his merry men"

sustain a very prominent part.

Robin Hood was, anciently, celebrated in Scotland by an annual play or festival; and the following extract, while it shows the estimation in which this festival was regarded by the populace, displays at the same time their lawless conduct, and the weakness of the civil power, in the city of Edinburgh in the fourteenth cen-

tury. "The game of *Robin Hood* was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable member of the corporation to officiate in the character of *Robin Hood*, and another in that of *Little John*, his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was a sunday or a holiday, the people assembled in military array, and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin Hood's predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of Justice. As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game of Robin Hood by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year the Magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority in repressing this game, often ineffectually. In the year

1561, the mob were so enraged in being disappointed in *making a Robin Hood*, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the city gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ring-leaders, being condemned by the magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the Magistrates, who were sitting in the council-chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and pouring stones through the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporations to appease the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer. "*They will be magistrates alone; let them rule the multitude alone.*" The Magistrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of the profanation of the Sab-

bath, by making of *Robin Hood Plays.—Arnot's Hist. of Edin.* ch. II.

Among all the numerous ballads and tales, which have been composed on these celebrated outlaws, the Editor has not discovered that the present one has ever even published. The Editor observes however, a ballad in the "Border Minstrelsy," under the title of "Rose the Red, and White Lilly," which is evidently founded on the same story. The editor of that work is correct in his conjecture, that it related to Robin Hood. One might fancy, a slight resemblance between the meeting of Robin Hood with the heroines of this ballad, and his meeting with *Clorinda*, or "Maid Marian," as detailed in "Robin Hood's birth, breeding, valour and marriage" as published by Mr. Ritson, part II.

THE WEDDING OF

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

THE king has wedded an ill woman,
Into some foreign land;—
His daughters twa, that stood in awe,
They bravely sat and sang.

Then in be-came their step-mother,
Sae stately steppin' ben*;—
"O gin I live and bruik† my life,
I'll gar‡ ye change your tune."

"O we sang ne'er that sang, ladie,
But we will sing again;
And ye ne'er bore that son, ladie,
We wad lay our love on.

---

* *Ben*—inner apartment. † *Briku*—enjoy. ‡ *Gar*—cause.

But we will cow* our yellow locks,
  A little abune our bree†,
And we will on to gude greenwud,
  And serve for meat and fee.

And we will kilt‡ our gay claithing
  A little below the knee;
And we will on to gude greenwud,
  Gif§ Robin Hood we see.

And we will change our ain twa names,
  Whan we gae frae‖ the toun,—
The tane¶ we will call Nicholas,
  The tither** Rogee Roun."

Then they hae cow'd their yellow locks,
  A little abune their bree;
And they are on to gude greenwud,
  To serve for meat and fee.

---

* *Cow*—clip. † *Abune our bree*—above our brow.
‡ *Kilt*—tuck. § *Gif*—if. ‖ *Gae frae*—go from.
¶ *Tane*—one. ** *Tither*—other.

And they hae kilt their gay claithing,
  A little below their knee,
And they are on to gude greenwud,
  Gif Robin Hood they see.

And they hae chang'd their ain twa names,
  Whan they gaed* frae the toun;—
The tane they've called Nicholas,
  The tither Rogee Roun.

And they hae staid in gude greenwud,
  And never a day thoucht lang,
Till it fell ance upon a day,
  That Rogee sang a sang.

"Whan we were in our father's bouer,
  We sew'd the silken seam;
But now we walk the gude greenwud,
  And bear anither name.

When we were in our father's ha',
  We wore the beaten gold;
But now we wear the shield sae sharp,—
  Alas! we'll die with cold!"

---

* *Gaed*—went.

Then up bespak him Robin Hood,
As he to them drew near,—
"Instead of boys to carry the bow,
Two ladies we've got here!"

So they had not been in gud greenwud,
A twalmonth and a day,
Till Rogee Roun was as big wi' bairn,
As onie lady could gae.

"O wae be to my stepmother,
That garr'd me leave my hame,
For I'm wi' bairn to Robin Hood,
And near nine month is gane.

"O wha will be my bouer-woman*—
Na bouer-woman is here!
O wha will be my bouer-woman,
Whan that sad time draws near!

* * *

---

* *Bouer-woman*—attendant.

The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,
  And the tither to Little John;—
And it was a' owing to their step-mother
  That garr'd them leave their hame.

THE GARDENER.

This ballad contains some beautiful poetical allusions, and seems to be of an ancient cast. The two last lines of each stanza are repeated in singing.

THE gard'ner stands in his bouer door,
  Wi' a primrose in his hand,
And bye there cam a leal* maiden,
  As jimp† as a willow wand;
And bye there cam a leal maiden,
  As jimp as a willow wand.

" O ladie can ye fancy me,
  For to be my bride;

---

* *Leal*—true. † *Jimp*—slender.

Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden,
  To be to you a weed.*

The lily white sall be your smock,
  It becomes your body best;
Your head sall be buskt† wi' gelly-flower,
  Wi' the primrose in your breist.

Your gown sall be the Sweet William;
  Your coat the camovine;‡
Your apron o' the sallads neat,
  That taste baith sweet and fine.

Your hose sall be the brade kail-blade§,
  That is baith brade and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the cute,‖
  And brade, brade at the brawn.

Your gloves sall be the marigold,
  All glittering to your hand,

---

* *Weed*—dress. † *Buskt*—decked. ‡ *Camovine*—camomile.

§ *Brade kail-blade*—broad leaf of colewort. ‖ *Cute*—ancle.

Weel spread owre wi' the blue blaewort*
  That grows amang corn-land."

O fare ye weil, young man, she says,
  Fareweil, and I bid adieu;
Sin ye've provided a weed for me
  Amang the simmer flowers,
It's I'se provide anither for you,
  Amang the winter-showers:

The new fawn snaw to be your smock,
  It becomes your bodie best;
Your head sall be wrapt wi' the eastern wind,
  And the cauld rain on your breist.

---

* *Blaewort*—blue bottle.

JOHNIE BUNEFTAN.

In the "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern," published at Glasgow, is a ballad under the title of "*Johnie Scot*," on the same subject as the present. The editor of that work observes, that he made use of "three recited copies," in forming that ballad, which, though they did "not exactly correspond with each other," differ only in numerous, though "trivial, verbal discrepancies." In two of these versions the hero is styled *Johnie Scot*, while the third calls him *Johnie M'Nachtan*. The present copy, (composed from two separate recited versions obtained in the north and west), differs in many particulars from *Johnie Scot*.

JOHNIE BUNEFTAN.

Johnie is up to London gane,
  Three quarters o' the year;
And he is up to London gane,
  The king's banner for to bear.

He had na been in fair London,
  A twalmonth and a while,
Till the king's ae dochter,
  To Johnie gangs wi' child.

O word is to the queen hersel,
  In parlour where she sat,
That the king's ae dochter goes wi' child
  To Jack that little Scot.

O word is to the kitchen gane,
  And word is to the ha,'

And word is to the king himsel,
Amang his nobles a'.

O word is to the king himsel,
And an angry man was he;—
"I will put her in cold prison,
And hunger her till she die."

The ladie was laid in cold prison,
By the king a grievous man;—
And up and starts a little boy
Upon her window stane.—

"Here is a silken shift ladie,
Your ane hand sew'd the sleeve,
And ye maun gang to yon greenwud,
Of your friends spier* na leave."—

"O my bower is very high,
It's weel wall'd round about,
My feet are lock'd in iron fetters,
And how can I get out!

---

* *Spier*—ask.

But I will write a brade letter,
  And seal it tenderlie;
And I'll send it to yon greenwud,
  And let young Johnie see;

That my bouer is very high,
  It's a' weel wall'd about;
My feet are in the fetters strang,
  My body looking out.

My garters are of cold iron,
  And they are very cold;
My breist-plate is o' the sturdy steel,
  Instead o' the beaten gold."

When Johnie look'd the letter on,
  A licht lauch then gied he;
But e'er he read it till an end,
  The tear blindit his ee.

O Johnie's to his father gane,
  And till him he did say:—
"I maun up to London, father,
  And fecht* for that lady gay."

---

* *Fecht*—fight.

His father spak but ae word—
Says, "I speak it in time,
For an ye gang to London, Johnie,
I fear your coming hame."—

"But I maun up to London gang,
Whatever me betide,
And louse* her out o' prison strang,—
She lay last by my side."

Up bespak Johnie's ae best man,
That stood by Johnie's knee—
"Ye'se get twenty four o' my best men
To bear ye companie."

And out and spak anither youth,
And a pretty† youth was he—
"Afore I see young Johnie dung‡,
I'll fecht for him till I die."

Whan Johnie was in his saddle set,
A pleasant sicht to see!

---

* *Louse*—liberate. † *Pretty*—brave. ‡ *Dung*—overcome.

There was na ae married man
  In Johnie's companie!

The first toun that he cam til,
  He made the mass be sung;
The neist* toun that he cam til,
  He made the bells be rung.

When he cam to fair London,
  He made the drums gae round;
The king and his nobles a',
  They marvell'd at the sound.

"Is this the duke of Winesberrie?
  Or, James the Scottish king?
Or, is it a young gentleman
  That wants for to be in?"

"It's na the duke of Winesberrie,
  Nor James the Scottish king;
But it is a young gentleman,
  Buneftan is his name."

---

* *Neist*—next.

Then up bespak the king himsel,
An angry man was he—
"The morn,* afore I eat or drink,
Hie hangit sall he be."

Syne† up spak Johnie's ae best man,
That stood by Johnie's knee—
"Afore our master he be slain,
We'll a' fecht till we die!"

Then up bespak the king himsel,
And he spak woundrous hie,—
"I have an Italian in my court,
Wha'll fecht ye manfullie."

"If ye hae an Italian in your court,
Fu' fain wad I him see;
If ye hae an Italian in your court,
Ye may bring him here to me."

The king and his nobles all
Went tripping doun the plain,

---

* *The Morn*—to-morrow. † *Syne*—then.

Wi' the queen and her maries* all,
  To see fair Johnie slain.

It's even anent† the prison door
  The battle did begin,—
* * * *
    * * *

They foucht up, and they foucht doun,
  Wi' swerds o' temper'd steel,
Till Johnie wi' his gude braid swerd,‡
  Made the Italian for to yield.

He has wallow'd§ it, he's wallowed it,
  He's wallowed it again—
"Onie mae o' your Italian dogs,
  That wants for to be slain?"

He has kicked him with his foot,
  He's kick'd him owre the plain;—
"Onie mae Italians in your court
  Ye want for to be slain?"—

---

* *Maries*—maids of honour. † *Even anent*—directly opposite,
‡ *Braid Sword*—broad sword. § *Wallow'd*—brandished.

"A clerk! a clerk!" the king cried,
"To sign her tocher-fee:*"
"A priest! a priest!" young Johnie cried,
"To marry her and me!

For I want nane o' your gowd,
Nor nane o' your fee,
I only want your fair dochter,
I've won her manfullie."

He's set a horn until his mouth,
And blawn baith loud and shill;†
The victor's doun to Scotland gane
Richt sair against their will.

---

* *Tocher-fee*—marriage portion.

† *Shill*—shrill.

NOTES

ON

JOHNIE BUNEFTAN.

Till the king's ae dochter
To Johnie gangs wi' child.—p. 78, v. 2.

The "Earl Percy's ae daughter" is the heroine in the ballad of "Johnie Scot."

Is this the duke of Winesberrie,
Or James the Scottish King?—p. 82, v. 21.

In all the copies of this ballad, there is great confusion with regard to the titles of the different characters, particularly of these high potentates. In the versions recovered by the Editor of *Johnie Scot*, they are variously termed *Duke of York*, *King of Aulsberry*, *King of Spain*, and *Duke of Mulberry*. But which of these is the proper title, it is impossible to determine, and is in fact, of little consequence.—But it may be doubted whether the title of Duke of Winesberrie be

fictitious He appears not to have been the only one who bore the name of *Winesberrie;* for the reader will find on p. 89, a ballad under the title of " Lord Thomas of Winesberrie." From the similarity of the two titles one would be apt to imagine *Winesberrie* to be the same with *Queensberry.*

" *I have an Italian in my court.*"—p. 83, v. 25.

In *Johnie Scot* the champion is called the " Tailliant:" a word which, the editor of that ballad says, is an evident derivative from the French verb *Taillader.* The learned editor having never met with the word *Tailliant* before, (and it would have been singular if he had), and knowing that the champion's trade was *fighting,* naturally seized upon the French verb *taillader,* " to cut or slash," as it's etymon. But *tailliant* is in fact, nothing else but a corruption of *Italian,* in the recitation of the old people from whom he procured his versions.

It is an historical fact, that anciently, prize-fighters were attendants on every court in Europe; and Italy produced the greatest number of these bravoes, whose swords were always at the command of wealth, either for open combat, or secret murder. The Italian prize-fighters, tho' eminent for their skill and dexterity in the use of their weapons, often met with their match; and *Johnie Buneftan* was not the only Scot, whose

" ———— gude braid swerd
Made the Italian for to yield."

Sir Thomas Urquhart, in his life of "The Admirable Crichton," relates, that there was at "the court of Mantua a certaine Italian gentleman, of a mighty, able, strong, nimble, and vigorous body, by nature fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and in the gladiatory art so superlatively expert and dextrous, that all the most skilful teachers of escrime, and fencing-masters of Italy (which in matter of choice professors in that faculty needed never as yet to yield to any nation in the world) were by him beaten to their good behaviour, and, by blows and thrusts given in, which they could not avoid, enforced to acknowledge him their overcomer."—After proving victorious in every combat, this bravo was at last challenged by Crichton, who encountered him in presence of the assembled Court of Mantua, and after coolly sustaining and parrying his violent assaults till his strength was exhausted, he became in his turn the assailant, and passed his sword thrice through the body of the Italian.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRIE.

From the striking similarity of some of the incidents detailed in this ballad, to those related by Pitscottie to have occurred in the secret expedition of James V. to France, in 1536, in search of a wife, a strong presumption arises that it relates to that event.—The title of "Lord Thomas of Winesberrie," seems to have been assumed, since in the conclusion of the ballad the hero turns out to be king of Scotland. Pitscottie informs us, that when James, in that expedition, went to visit the duke of Vendome's daughter, to whom he was in some measure betrothed, he "would not shew himselff opinlie at that tyme, bot *disguysed himself* as he had beine ane serwant, to be vnknawin to the duik or his wayff, or the

gentlvoman who sould have beine his spous, thinkand to spy hir pulchritud [beauty] and behaviour vnkend be hir." Although "monie love tokines" had passed between them, the lady, it would seem, did not please his fancy;—"Thairfoir the king past in haist to the king of France, [Francis I.] quhair he was for the tyme at *hunting*, accompanied with his wayff, his sone, and his dochter, with many vther lustie ladies, besydis duikis, earles, lordis, and barrones." There James met Magdalene, Francis's eldest daughter, who was at that time in a very sickly state of health;—"Yitt notwithstanding all hir seiknes and malice [malady], fra tyme shoe saw the king of Scotland, and spak with him, shoe became so enamoured with him, and loved him so weill, that shoe wold have no man alive to hir husband, bot he allanerlie, [alone] quhairof the covnsallis both of Scotland and France lyked nothing thairof: for thei war certified be doctoris and physitianes, that no successioun wold cum of hir bodie be reasoun of hir long seiknes, and that shoe was not able to travell out of the realme to no other countrie,

quhilk if shoe did, shoe wold not have long dayes."—*Chronicles of Scotland*, 8vo, vol. 2, p. 363 *et seq.* The princess, was, however, married to James; but the prognostications of her physicians were soon realized, for she died about forty days after her arrival in Scotland.

Whether this ballad be in reality founded on the above mentioned expedition, the Editor will not pretend to decide; but he may remark that the circumstances attending it were sufficiently romantic for such a composition.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRIE.

It fell upon a time, when the proud king of France
Went a hunting for five months and more,
That his dochter fell in love with Thomas of
From Scotland newly come o'er. [Winesberrie,

Whan her father cam hame frae hunting the deer,
And his dochter before him cam,
Her belly it was big, and her twa sides round,
And her fair colour was wan.

"What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter Janet,
What maks thee to look sae wan?
Ye've either been sick, and very, very sick,
Or else ye hae lain wi' a man."

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, dear father," she says,
"Ye're welcome hame to your ain,
For I hae been sick, and very, very sick,
Thinking lang for your coming hame.

"O pardon, O pardon, dear father," she says,
A pardon ye'll grant me."
"Na pardon, na pardon, my dochter," he says,
"Na pardon I'll grant thee.

"O is it to a man of micht,
Or to a man of mean?
Or is it to onie of thae rank robbers,
That I sent hame frae Spain?"

"It is not to a man of micht,
Nor to a man of mean;
But it is to Thomas o' Winesberrie,
And for him I suffer pain."

"If it be to Thomas o' Winesberrie,
As I trust well it be,
Before I either eat or drink,
Hie hangit sall he be."

Whan this bonnie boy was brought afore the king,
His claithing was o' the silk,
His fine yellow hair hang dangling doun,
And his skin was like the milk.

"Na wonder, na wonder, Lord Thomas," he says,
My dochter fell in love wi' thee,
For if I war a woman, as I am a man,
My bed-fellow ye shou'd be!

Then will ye marry my dochter Janet,
To be heir to a' my land;
O will ye marry my dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' your richt hand?"

"I will marry your dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' my richt hand;
I'll hae nane o' your gowd, nor yet o' your gear,
I've eneuch in fair Scotland.

"But I will marry your dochter Janet,—
I care na for your land,
For she's be a queen, and I a king,
Whan we come to fair Scotland."

SWEET WILLIE.

Mr. Ritson has published an English ballad of twenty-eight stanzas, under the title of "The Lady turned Serving-man," which is apparently the original of *Sweet Willie.* He says, "it is given from a written copy, containing some improvements, perhaps modern ones, upon the popular ballad, intitled 'The famous Flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man,'" vol. 3, p. 346. The reader is here presented with this ballad in a Scottish dress, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman in Lanark, though it is considerably mutilated and changed from its original text.

A ~~white~~ black letter ballad "The Famous Flower of Serving-Men" London, printed for John Andrews. (Date c. 1657) to the tune of "Floras farewell" is the earliest published version of

SWEET WILLIE.

"My husband builded me a bouer,
He builded it safe and secure,
But there cam four thieves in the nicht,
And brak my bouer, and slew my knicht.

And after that my knicht was slain,
My servants a' frae me war gane,
And na langer there could I remain.

Then withall I cut my hair,
And dress'd mysel in man's attire;
With doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a gold chain about my neck.

Unto the king's court I did go,
My love and beauty for to show;
For man's service I did enquire,
And I was not denied there.

"Stand up, brave youth," the king he cried,
"Your service shall not be denied;
But first tell me what ye can do,
And I will put you thereunto.

Will ye be tapster of my wine
To wait on me whan I'm at dine?
Or will ye be governor of my ha'
To attend on me and my nobles a'?

Or will ye be my chamberline
My bed to mak so soft and fine?"
"My liege, the king, if it please thee,
Thy chamberline fain wad I be."

The king he to the hunting did gang,
And left nane wi' her but ae auld man;
She took a lute and play'd upon,
* * * *

She said, "My father was as gude a lord,
As ever Scotland did afford;
My mother was a lady bricht;
My husband was a gallant knicht:

But there cam four thieves in the nicht,
And brak my bouer, and slew my knicht;
And ever that my knicht was slain,
Na langer there could I remain.

And unto this hall I did go,
My love and beauty for to show;
For man's service I did enquire,
And I was not denied here."

The king he frae the hunting cam,—
He said, "What news, my gude auld man?"
"Gude news, gude news, the auld man did say,
For sweet Willie is a lady gay!"

"O if thy words they do prove true,
I'll mak thee a man o' high degree;
But if thy words do prove a lee, *
I'll tak and hang ye on a tree."

---

* *Lee*—lie.

Skill was fushen,* and that manie,
And sweet Willie was found a gay ladie;
And word spread through the warld round
That sweet Willie, a lady was found.

The like before was never ken'd nor seen,
A servant-man to become a queen!

---

* *Skill was fushen*—evidence was brought.

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

During the momentous struggle which existed between Charles I. and the people, no family in Scotland showed more devotion, or adhered more firmly, to the royal cause than that of Ogilvie of Airly. On acount of this attachment, that family was looked upon as inimicable to the covenanting party, whose principles were at that time decidedly hostile to monarchical government. The Earl of Airly, having, in consequence, withdrawn himself from Scotland, was proscribed, and his lands and castles plundered and burnt in July, 1640. The present ballad is founded upon that event, the particulars of which are thus detailed by Spalding.

"The Earl of Airly went from home to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that

he should be pressed to subscribe the covenant, whether he would or not, whilk by fleeing the land he resolved to eschew as well as he could, and left his eldest son, the Lord Ogilvie, a brave young nobleman, behind him at home. The estates or tables hearing of his departure, directed the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to go to the place of Airly, and to take in the same, and for that effect to carry cartows [cannon] with them; who went and summoned the Lord Ogilvie to render the house, (being an impregnable strength by nature, well manned with all sort of munition and provision necessary,) who answered, his father was absent, and he left no such commission with him as to render his house to any subjects, and that he would defend the samen to his power, till his father returned from England. There were some shots shot the house, and same from the house; but the assailants finding the place unwinnable, by nature of great strength, without great skaith, left the place without meikle loss on either side; then departed therefrae in June.

"Now the committee of estates finding no contentment in this expedition, and hearing how their friends of the name of Forbes, and others in the country, were daily injured and opprest by Highland lymmers, broken out of Lochaber, Clangregor out of Brae of Athol, Brae of Mar, and divers other places, therefore they gave order to the Earl of Argyle to raise men out of his own country, and first to go to Airly and Furtour, two of the Earl of Airly's principal houses, and to take in and destroy the same, and next to go upon thir lymmers and punish them; likeas, conform to his order, he raises an army of about five thousand men, and marches towards Airly; but the Lord Ogilvie hearing of his coming with such irresistible force, resolves to flee and leave the house manless; and so for their own safety they wisely fled; but Argyle most cruelly and inhumanely enters the house of Airly, and beats the same to the ground, and right sua he does to Furtour, syne spoiled all within both houses, and such as could not be carried [away], they masterfully brake down and destroyed. Thereafter they fall to his

ground, plundered, robbed, and took away from himself, his men, tenants, and servants, their haill goods and gear, corns and cattle whatsomever that they could get, and left nothing but bare bounds, as sic as they could carry away with them, and what could not be destroyed, they despitefully burnt up by fire."—*Troubles in Scotland*, vol. 1, p. 227.

Various versions of this ballad have been published; but it does not appear that the present copy, which differs very materially from the others, has ever been printed.

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

O gley'd Argyll has written to Montrose,
  To see gin the fields they war fairly;
And to see whether he shou'd stay at hame,
  Or come to plunder bonnie Airly.

The great Montrose has written to Argyll,
  And that the fields they were fairly,
And no to keep his men at hame,
  But come and plunder bonnie Airly.

The lady was looking oure the castle wa',
  She was carrying her courage sae rarely,
And there she spied him, gley'd Argyll,
  Coming for to plunder bonnie Airly.

"Wae be to ye, gley'd Argyll,
And are ye there sae rarely?
Ye micht hae kept your men at hame,
And no come to plunder bonnie Airly."

"And wae be to ye, Lady Ogilvie,
And are ye there sae rarely?
Gin ye had bow'd whan first I bade,*
I never wad hae plunder'd bonnie Airly."

"O gin my gude Lord had been at hame,
As he is wi' prince Charlie,
There durst na a rebel on a' Scottish grund
Set a foot on the bonnie green o' Airly.

"But ye'll tak me by the milk-white hand,
And ye'll lift me up sae rarely;
And ye'll throw me out oure my ain castle wa',
Lat me never see the burning o' Airly."

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
And he has lifted her up sae rarely,

---

* *Bow'd whan first I bade*—yielded to my proposals.

He has thrown her out oure her ain castle wa',
And she never saw the plundering o' Airly.

Now gley'd Argyll he has gane hame,
Awa frae the plundering o' Airly,
And there he has met wi' Captain Ogilvie,
Coming over the mountains sae rarely.

"O wae be to ye, gley'd Argyll,
And are ye there sae rarely,
Ye micht hae kept your men at hame,
And na gane to plunder bonnie Airly."

"O wae be to ye, Captain Ogilvie,
And are ye there sae rarely?
Gin ye had bow'd whan first I bade,
I never wad hae plunder'd bonnie Airly."

"But gin I had my lady gay,
Bot and my sister Mary,
Ae fig I wadna gie for ye a',
Nor yet for the plundering o' Airly."

NOTES

ON THE

BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

O gley'd Argyll has written to Montrose.—p. 104, v. 1.

The *soubriquet* of "Gley'd Argyll" was given to the Marquis from his having a squint or cast in his eyes. This defect is noticed by the author of Waverly, who describes him in "The Legend of Montrose," as having a "cast with his eyes, which had procured him in the Highlands the nick-name of *Gillespie Grumach* (or the grim)."

The great Montrose has written to Argyll.—p. 104, v. 2.

Though the greatest and most brilliant of his warlike achievements were performed for the sinking cause

of Royalty; yet "Sometimes James Marquis of Montrose sided with the Covenanters in Scotland, and very forwardly bestowed his unhappily happy endeavours in their behoof. They pretended to nothing then, less than the preservation of religion, the honour and dignity of the king, the laws of the land, and the freedom of that ancient realm, so happily, so valiantly defended in the time of yore, from such powerful enemies as the Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, by the sweat and blood, with the lives and estates, of their ancestors. But, at last, in the year 1639, Montrose found out that these fair tales were coyn'd of purpose to steal the hearts of the silly and superstitious multitude, and to alienate them from the king, as an enemy to religion and liberty. For the Covenanters did not dissemble to him, but spoke out, that Scotland had been too long governed by kings; nor could it ever be well with them as long as one Stewart (that's the sirname of the king's family in Scotland) was alive: and in the extirpation of them, they were first to strike at the head; so that Montrose easily perceived the king's majesty and person was levelled at. Therefore, vehemently detesting so horrible a crime, he resolved to desert the conspirators' side, to frustrate their counsels, to impoverish their store, to weaken their strength, and with all his might to preserve his majesty and his authority entire and inviolate."—*Wisheart's Memoirs of Montrose.* It would appear that it was during the period of his unfortunate attachment to the Covenanters, that the house of Airly was plundered; for Montrose did not desert that party till 1641.

LORD DONALD.

THIS ballad seems to be of an ancient cast: one version of it, under the title of *Lord Randal*, has been published in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. 2, p. 291. This copy, which was procured in the north, differs in many respects from that of *Lord Randal*, and appears to be more complete in its detail.

Is the Editor of the Border Minstrelsy serious when he says that this ballad, because his version bore the title of Lord Randal, "may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland;" whose death is attributed by our historians to poison, said to have been administered to him by a friar, at the instigation of Edward III.?

LORD DONALD.

"O whare hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?
O whare hae ye been a' day, my jollie young man?"
"I've been awa courtin:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie young man?"
"I've gotten my supper:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What did ye get for your supper, my jollie young man?

"A dish of sma' fishes:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young man?"
"In my father's black ditches:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
What like were your fishes, my jollie young man?"
"Black backs and spreckl'd bellies:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Donald, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my jollie young man!"
"O yes! I am poison'd:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your father, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your father, my jollie young man?"
"Baith my houses and land:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your brither, my jollie young man?"
"My horse and the saddle:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie young man?"
"Baith my gold box and rings:—mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?"
"The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o' me."

NOTE

ON

LORD DONALD.

What like were your fishes, my jollie young man?
Black backs and spreckl'd bellies.—p. 111, v. 5.

It would seem that Lord Donald had been poisoned by eating toads prepared as a dish of fishes. Though the frog is in some countries considered a delicacy, the toad has always been viewed as a venomous animal. The reader is referred to the Border Minstrelsy, vol. 1, p. 262 for a curious extract, from a MS. Chronicle of England, relative to the death of king John, who is said to have been poisoned by drinking a cup of ale, in which the venom of a toad had been infused.

Might not the Scots proverbial phrase "*To gie one frogs instead of fish*," as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable, for expected good, be viewed as

allied to the idea of the venomous quality of the toad? This phrase occurs in the ballad of *Katharine Janfarie:*

"Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul, foul play."

QUEEN JEANIE.

THIS ballad relates to the death of the amiable Jane Seymour, queen of Henry VIII. of England, who, according to some historians, underwent the Cæsarean operation, in order to save her infant son, Edward VI., of whom she was then pregnant. This circumstance, however, is differently represented by others, who affirm that the birth was natural. Sir John Hayward relates, that the young prince was born on the 17th October, and that "all reports do constantly run, that he was not by natural passage delivered into the world, but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and that she died of the incision the fourth day following."

This account is denied by Echard, who says, "To crown the king's happiness, not long after,

upon the twelfth day of October, he had a son born at Hampton-Court.—But the joy of his birth was much allay'd by the departure of the admirable queen, who, contrary to the common opinion of many writers, dy'd twelve days after the birth of this prince, as appears from unquestionable manuscripts; having been well deliver'd and without any incision, as others have maliciously reported. This was a great affliction to the king; for of all his wives, she was the dearest and most charming to him; and his grief for that loss is given as the reason why he continued two years a widower."—*Hist. of England*, 1720, fol. p. 289.

A few stanzas of this ballad appear in Mr. Jamieson's collection, vol. 1, p. 182.

QUEEN JEANIE.

Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, travel'd six weeks
and more,
Till women and midwives had quite gi'en her o'er:
"O if ye were women, as women should be,
Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me."

The doctor was called for, and set by her bed-
side:—
"What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so
"O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me? [red?"
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie."

"Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, that's the thing I'll
ne'er do,
To rip up your two sides to save your babie."
Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, travel'd six weeks
and more,
Till midwives and doctors had quite gi'en her o'er.

"O if ye were doctors, as doctors should be,
Ye would send for king Henry, king Henry to me."
King Henry was called for, and sat by her bed-
side;—
"What aileth thee, queen Jeanie, what aileth my
bride?"

"King Henry, king Henry, will ye do this for me?
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie."
"Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, that's what I'll
never do,
To rip up your two sides to save your babie."

But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a swoon,
Her side it was rip't up, and her babie was found.
At this bonnie babie's christ'ning there was meikle joy and mirth;
But bonnie queen Jeanie lies cold in the earth.

Six and six coaches, and six and six more,
And royal king Henry went mourning before:
O two and two gentlemen carried her away;
But royal king Henry went weeping away.

O black were their stockings, and black were their bands,
And black were the weapons they held in their hands.
O black were their mufflers, * and black were their shoes,
And black were the cheverons † they drew on their luves ‡.

---

* *Mufflers*—a cloak and hood which *muffled* the face.
† *Cheverons*—gloves. ‡ *Luves*—hands, but properly the *palms*.

They mourned in the kitchen, and they mourn'd
in the ha',
But royal king Henry mourn'd langest of a'.
Farewell to fair England, farewell for evermore,
For the fair flower of England will never shine
more.

NOTE

ON

QUEEN JEANIE.

Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, travel'd six weeks and more.
p. 118, v. 1.

In Mr. Jamieson's version, her indisposition is made to last only *three days*, which is, certainly, the more likely time; though all the versions of the ballad, (which seems to be popular throughout Scotland,) that the Editor has obtained, invariably state its endurance to have been *six weeks*. In an English ballad on the death of Queen Jane, inserted in Evan's collection vol, 2, p. 54, her labour is said to have been very protracted; for

> "The queen in travail, pained sore
> Full *thirty* woful days and more."

BONNIE ANNIE.

THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.
O, she was fair, O dear! she was bonnie,
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.

There cam a ship's captain out owre the sea sailing,
He courted this young thing till he got her wi' bairn.—
"Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie."

She's stown her father's gowd and her mother's money,
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie.

* * * *

"There's fey fowk* in our ship, she winna sail for me,
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me."
They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.

" Ye'll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie."
He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear
Annie.

" What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye;"
Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me."—
" Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie."

" I've laid about, steer'd about, laid about cannie,
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.
Ye'll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear
Annie."

---

* *Fey fowk*—people on the verge of death.

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her
cannie,
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear
Annie.
As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

He made his love a coffin off the Goats of Yerrow,
And buried his bonnie love doun in a sea valley.

NOTES

ON

BONNIE ANNIE.

There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me.—
p. 124, v. 3.

THERE is a prevalent belief among sea-faring people, that, if a person who has committed any heinous crime be on ship-board, the vessel, as if conscious of its guilty burden, becomes unmanageable, and will not sail till the offender be removed: to discover whom, they usually resort to the trial of those on board, by *casting lots;* and the individual upon whom the lot falls is declared the criminal, it being believed that Divine Providence interposes in this manner to point out the guilty person.

He made his love a coffin off the Goats of Yerrow.—
p. 125, v. 8.

It would be difficult to ascertain where *Yerrow* is situated; it would seem, however, to be on the sea-coast, as "*Goats*" signifies inlets where the sea enters.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S NOURICE.

As I cam in by Athol's yetts,*
  I heard a fair maid singing;—
"I am the Duke o' Athol's nourice,
  And I wat it weel does set me;
And I wad gie a' my half-year's fee,
  For ae sicht o' my Johnie."—

"Keep weel, keep weel, your half-year's fee,
  For ye'll soon get a sicht o' your Johnie;
But anither woman has my heart,
  And I am sorry for to leave ye."

"Ye'll dow ye doun† to yon change-house,‡
  And drink till the day be dawing;
At ilka pint's end ye'll drink the lass' health,
  That's coming to pay the lawing."§

---

* *Yetts*—gates. † *Dow ye doun*—go your way.
‡ *Change-house*—tavern. § *Lawing*—tavern bill.

He hied him doun to yon change-house,
And he drank till the day was dawing;
And at ilka pint's end he drank the lass' health,
That was coming to pay for his lawing.

Aye he ranted, and aye he sang,
And drank till the day was dawing;
And aye he drank the bonnie lass' health,
That was coming to pay the lawing.

He spared na the sack, though it was dear,
The wine, nor the sugar-candy;
* * * *
* * *

He has dune* him to the shot-window,†
To see gin she war coming;
There he saw the duke and a' his merry men,
That oure the hill cam rinning.

He has dune him to the landlady,
To see gin she wad protect him,—

---

* *Dune*—pret. of *dow*. † *Shot-window*—a projecting window.

She buskit* him up into woman's claise,†
And set him till a baking.

Sae loudlie as they rappit at the yett,
Sae loudlie as they war calling;—
" Had ye a young man here yestreen
That drank till the day was dawing?"

"He drank but ae pint, and he paid it or‡ he went,
And ye've na mair to do wi' the lawing."—
They searchit the house a' round and round,
And they spared na the curtains to tear them;

While the Landlady stood upo' the stair-head,
Crying, " Maid, be busy at your baking."
They gaed as they cam, and left a' undone,
And left the bonnie maid at her baking.

---

* *Buskit*—dressed. † *Claise*—clothes. ‡ *Or*—before.

NOTE

ON THE

DUKE OF ATHOL'S NOURICE.

He spared na the sack, though it was dear,
The wine, nor the sugar candy.—p. 128, v. 6.

The manner of living among the Scots, in the end of the sixteenth century, is curiously, though accurately described by an Englishman who visited Edinburgh in the year 1593.—Speaking of their drinking, and the use of confections in their wine, he says, "They drinke pure wines, not with sugar as the English; yet at feasts they put comfits in the wine, after the French manner, but they had not our vinteners fraud to mixe their wines."—*Moryson's Itinerary*, Part III. p. 155.

THE PROVOST'S DOCHTER.

The term Provost does not mean the chief magistrate of a city, but the Provost-marshal; an officer who had the custody of prisoners of war, and other offenders.

THE Provost's dochter went out a walking—
A may's love whiles is easie won!
She heard a puir prisoner making his meane;*—
And she was the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

"Gif onie ladie wad borrow me†
Out into‡ this prison strang,
I wad mak her a ladie o' hie degree,
For I am a gret lord in fair Scotland."

---

* *Meane*—complaint. † *Borrow me*—become surety for me.
‡ *Out into*—A common Scoticism for *out of*.

She has dune* her to her father's bed-stock,—
A may's love whiles is easie won!
She has stown the keys o' monie braw† lock,
And she has lows'd‡ him out o' prison strang.

She has dune her to her father's stable,—
A may's love whiles is easie won!
She has tane out a steed, baith swift and able,
To carry them baith to fair Scotland.

Whan they cam to the Scottish corss,§—
A may's love whiles is easie won!
"Ye brazen-faced hure,‖ licht aff o' my horse;
And go, get ye back to Northumberland."

Whan they cam to the Scottish muir,—
A may's love whiles is easie won!
"Get aff o' my horse, ye brazen-fac'd hure,
So, go, get ye back to Northumberland."

"O pity on me! O pity! said she,
O! that my love was so easie won;

---

* *Dune*—gone. † *Braw*—strong. ‡ *Lows'd*—freed.
§ *Corss*—cross. ‖ *Hure*—whore.

Have pity on me, as I had upon thee,
  Whan I lows'd ye out o' prison strang."

"O how can I hae pity on thee;
  O why was your love sae easie won?
Whan I hae a wife and children three,
  Mair worthy than a' in Northumberland."

"Cook in your kitchen I will be,—
  O that my love was sae easie won!
And serve your lady maist reverentlie,
  For I darna gang back to Northumberland."

"Cook in my kitchen, ye sall not be,—
  Why was your love so easie won?
For I will hae na sic* servants as thee,
  So, get ye back to Northumberland."

But laith was he the lassie to tyne,†—
  A may's love whiles is easie won!
He hired an auld horse, and fee'd an auld man,
  To carry her back to Northumberland.

---

* *Sic*—such. † *Tyne*—lose.

Whan she cam her father afore,—
  A may's love whiles is easie won!
She fell at his feet on her knees sae low,—
  She was the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

"O dochter, dochter, why was ye bauld,—
  O why was your love sae easie won!
To be a Scot's hure in your fifteen year auld,
  And ye the fair flow'r o' Northumberland."

Her mother on her sae gentlie smil'd,—
  "O that her love was sae easie won!
She's na the first that the Scots hae beguil'd,
  And she's still the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

"She shanna want gowd, she shanna want fee,
  Although her love was easie won;
She shanna want gowd, to gain a man wi',
  And she'll still be the fair flow'r o' Northumberland."

HYNDE HORN.

This ballad was recovered from recitation in the north; and though it cannot boast of much poetical merit, yet it has a claim to preservation, from its being undoubtedly a fragment, though a mutilated one, of the ancient English metrical romance of *King Horn*, or *Horne Childe and Maiden Rymenild;* whose story is thus detailed by Warton:—

"Mury, king of the Saracens, lands in the kingdom of Suddene, where he kills the king named Allof. The queen, Godylt, escapes; but Mury seizes on her son Horne, a beautiful youth aged fifteen years, and puts him into a galley, with two of his playfellows, Athulph and Fykenyld: the vessel being driven on the coast of

the kingdom of Westnesse, the young prince is found by Aylmer, king of that country, brought to court and delivered to Athelbras his steward, to be educated in hawking, harping, tilting, and other courtly accomplishments. Here the princess Rymenild falls in love with him, declares her passion, and is betrothed. Horne, in consequence of this engagement, leaves the princess for seven years; to demonstrate, according to the ritual of chivalry, that by seeking and accomplishing dangerous enterprises he deserved her affection. He proves a most valorous and invincible knight; and at the end of seven years having killed king Mury, recovered his father's kingdom, and achieved many signal exploits, recovers the princess Rymenild from the hands of his treacherous knight and companion Fykenyld; carries her in triumph to his own country, and there reigns with her in great splendour and prosperity."—*Hist. of English Poetry*, 8vo. vol. 1, p. 40.

This fragment, even in its mutilated state, still retains the couplet measure of the romance, though it is otherwise greatly altered from its

ancient text. It appears, however, to relate to that part of the romance where Horn, after being betrothed to the princess, departs in quest of adventures, and returns after the lapse of his probationary exile, when he recovers the princess from the hands of his rival.

HYNDE HORN.

"Hynde Horn's bound, love, and Hynde Horn's free;
Whare was ye born? or in what countrie?"
"In gude greenwud whare I was born,
And all my friends left me forlorn.

"I gave my love a silver wand,
That was to rule oure all Scotland.
My love gave me a gay gowd ring,
That was to rule abune a' thing.

"As lang as that ring keeps new in hue,
Ye may ken that your love loves you:
But whan that ring turns pale and wan,
Ye may ken that your love loves anither man."

He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed he,
Till that he cam to a foreign countrie:
He look'd at his ring, it was turn'd pale and wan,
He said, "I wish I war at hame again."

He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed he,
Until that he cam to his ain countrie.
The first ane that he met wi'
Was wi' a puir auld beggar man.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man,
What news hae ye got to tell to me?"
"Na news, na news," the puir man did say,
"But this is our queen's wedding day."

"Ye'll lend me your begging weed,
And I'll gie you my riding steed."
"My begging weed is na for thee,
Your riding steed is na for me."

But he has changed wi' the beggar man,
* * * *
"Which is the gate* that ye used to gae?
And what are the words ye beg wi'?"

---

* *Gate*—way.

"Whan ye come to yon high hill,
Ye'll draw your bent bow nigh until;
Whan ye come to yonder town,
Ye'll let your bent bow low fall down:

"Ye'll seek meat for St. Peter, ask for St. Paul,
And seek for the sake of Hynde Horn all;
But tak ye frae nane of them a',
Till ye get frae the bonnie bride hersel O."

Whan he cam to yon high hill,
He drew his bent bow nigh until;
And whan he cam to yonder town,
He lute* his bent bow low fall down.

He sought meat for St. Peter, he ask'd for St. Paul,
And he sought for the sake of Hynde Horn all;
But he would tak frae nane o' them a',
Till he got frae the bonnie bride hersel O.

---

* *Lute*—let.

The bride cam tripping doun the stair,
Wi' the scales o' red gowd on her hair;
Wi' a glass of red wine in her hand,
To gie to the puir auld beggar man.

It's out he drank the glass o' wine,
And into the glass he dropt the ring.
"Got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,
Or got ye't aff a drown'd man's hand?"

"I got na't by sea, I got na't by land,
Nor got I it aff a drown'd man's hand;
But I got it at my wooing,
And I'll gie it at your wedding."

"I'll tak the scales o' gowd frae my head,
I'll follow you, and beg my bread:
I'll tak the scales of gowd frae my hair,
I'll follow you for evermair."

She has tane the scales o' gowd frae her head,
She has followed him to beg her bread:
She has tane the scales o' gowd frae her hair,
And she has followed him for evermair.

But atween the kitchen and the ha',
There he lute his cloutie* cloak fa';
And the red gowd shined oure him a',
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown† awa'.

---

* *Cloutie*—patched. † *Stown*—stolen.

NOTE

ON

HYNDE HORN.

As lang as that ring keeps new in hue,
Ye may ken that your love loves you.—*p.* 138, *v.* 3.

THE belief in sympathetic talismans appears to have emanated from the East, where certain stones, rings, &c. are believed to be endued, by magical operations, with the power of showing, through sympathy, the fate of their owner, though in a distant country. Thus we find the Eastern Tales to be full of such conceits: In the story of the *Three Sisters*, prince Bahman, before proceeding on his perilous journey in search of the Talking Bird, Singing Tree, and Golden Water, presents to his sister a knife possessing this virtue. "Bahman, pulling a knife from his vest-band, and presenting it in the sheath to the princess, said, 'Take this

knife, sister, and give yourself the trouble sometimes to pull it out of the sheath; while you see it clear as it is now, it will be a sign that I am alive; but if you find it stained with blood, then you may believe me dead, and indulge me with your prayers." Bahman having perished in his adventure, Perviz, his brother, undertakes it against his sister's inclination; but, that she might be acquainted with his success, he leaves with her a string of a hundred pearls, telling her, that if at any time she counted them, and they did not run upon the string, but remained fixed, that would be a certain sign he had undergone the same fate as his brother.—*Scott's Transl. of Arabian Nights.*

Somewhat similar to this, is the belief once, and perhaps still, prevalent in the Western Islands, regarding the Molucca bean or nut, called by the natives *Crospunk*, which is drifted to their shores across the Atlantic. They ascribe to it the virtue of changing colour when any calamity is to befall its possessor.—"There is a variety of nuts," says Martin, "called *Molluka*, some of which are used as amulets against witchcraft, or an evil eye, particularly the white one: and upon this account they are wore about children's necks, and if any evil is intended them, they say the nut changes into a black colour. That they did change colour, I found true by my own observation, but cannot be positive as to the cause of it."—*Descrip. West. Isl. p.* 38.

THE ELFIN KNICHT.

The Editor is informed that this ballad is of English origin; but he has not been able to discover it in any of the English Collections. It is here given in a Scottish dress, from the recitation of a native of Mearns-shire.

THERE stands a knicht at the tap o' yon hill,
Oure the hills and far awa—
He has blawn his horn loud and shill,*—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

"If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
Oure the hills and far awa—
And the knicht that blaws that horn,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

* *Shill*—shrill.

She had na sooner thae words said,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
Than the elfin knicht cam to her side,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

"Are na ye oure young a may,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
Wi' onie young man doun to lie,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

"I have a sister younger than I,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
And she was married yesterday,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

"Married wi' me, ye sall ne'er be nane,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
Till ye mak to me a sark but * a seam,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And ye maun shape it, knife, sheerless,†—
Oure the hills and far awa—
And ye maun sew it, needle, threedless,†—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

---

* *But*—without. † *i.e.* Without knife, or scissors; needle, or thread.

And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,*—
  Oure the hills and far awa—
Whare water never stood nor ran,—
  The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,—
  Oure the hills and far awa—
Whare the sun ne'er shon sin man was born,"—
  The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

"Gin that courtesie I do for thee,—
  Oure the hills and far awa—
Ye maun do this for me,—
  The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

Ye'll get an acre o' gude red-land †—
  Oure the hills and far awa—
Atween the saut ‡ sea and the sand,—
  The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

I want that land for to be corn,—
  Oure the hills and far awa—

---

* *Cistran*—cistern. † *Red-land*—tilled land. ‡ *Saut*—salt.

And ye maun aer * it wi' your horn,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And ye maun saw it without a seed,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
And ye maun harrow it wi' a threed,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And ye maun shear it wi' your knife,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
And na tyne a pickle o't † for your life,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And ye maun moue ‡ it in yon mouse-hole,—
Oure the hills and far awa—
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And ye maun fan it wi' your luves,§—
Oure the hills and far awa—
And ye maun sack it in your gloves,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

---

* *Aer*—till.

† *Tyne a pickle o't*—lose a grain of it. ‡ *Moue*—put it up in ricks.

§ *Fan it wi' your luves*—winnow it with your palms.

And ye maun bring it oure the sea,—
  Oure the hills and far awa—
Fair and clean, and dry to me,—
  The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

And whan that your wark is weill deen,*—
  Oure the hills and far awa—
Ye'se get your sark without a seam,"—
  The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

---

* *Weill deen*—well done; the pronunciation of the North.

NOTE

ON

THE ELFIN KNICHT.

Than the elfin knicht cam to her side.—p. 146, v. 3.

Elf is commonly used as synonymous with *fairy*, though it also signifies a spirit or fiend, possessing qualities of a more evil nature than the "*Gude neebours.*"—The "Elfin Knicht" comes under the latter description, and in truth, may be viewed as the same person as the devil, who, in the annals of tradition, is a well known tempter of the fair sex. He was once known to have paid his addresses to a fair maiden near the hill of Bennochie, in Aberdeenshire, in the form and dress of a handsome young man; and so far gained her affections as to get her consent to become his wife. It happened, however,

on the day appointed for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated in a distant part of the country, where the devil said he resided, that she accidentally discovered his cloven feet, (of which distinguishing mark he has not the power to divest himself), and was horror-struck to find that her ardent lover was no other than the devil! Knowing that her promise was binding, and believing the tradition that she would be freed from her engagement if the day were allowed to elapse before he exacted her promise, she dissembled her terror, and entered into conversation with him on various topics, particularly about their approaching nuptials, in order to pass over the day. But the devil was not so easily deceived; and peremptorily insisted on her going with him. At last, every delay and excuse being exhausted, she, as a last resource, told him she would voluntarily fulfil her promise, provided he would make a *causey* or road from the foot to the top of Bennochie, before she finished baking a quantity of bread, at which she was then engaged. The devil consented, and immediately commenced his labour; while the maid went as quickly to work. But just as she was baking the last cake, the devil, who had concluded his task, appeared, and claimed her according to bargain. Being unwilling to comply, she resisted with all her might; but he carried her off by force: and in passing Bennochie, the struggle between them became so great, that the devil, enraged at her obduracy, and in order to punish her falsehood, transformed her, with her *girdle* and *spartle* (the baking implements, which she had taken with her

in the hurry) into *three grey stones*, which, with the road he formed upon the hill, are pointed out to this day, to show the wonderful power of the devil, and the inevitable fate of those who have connection with the evil one;—thus verifying the proverb "*They wha deal wi' the deil will ae get a dear pennyworth.*"

YOUNG PEGGY.

"O whare hae ye been, Peggy,
O whare hae ye been?—
"I' the garden amang the gilly-flow'rs,
Atween twal* hours and een."

"Ye've na been there your leen,‡ Peggy,
Ye've na been there your leen;
Your father saw you in Jamie's arms,
Atween twal hours and een."

"Tho' my father saw me in Jamie's arms,
He'll see me there again;

---

* *Twal*—Twelve. † *Leen*—lone; the north country pronunciation of *one*, and *alone*. Dutch, *een* and *alleen*.

For I will sleep in Jamie's arms,
When his grave's growin green."

"Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy,
Your Jamie is a loun,*
Tor trysting out our ae dochter,
And her sae very young."

"Lay no the wyte† on Jamie, mither,
The blame a' lies on me;—
For I will sleep in Jamie's arms,
When your een‡ winna see."—

Now she has to her ain bouer gane,
He was waiting there him leen;—
"I'm blythe to see ye, Jamie, here,
For we maunna meet again."

She's tane the wine glass in her hand,
Pour'd out the wine sae clear;
Says, "Here's your health and mine, Jamie,
And we maun meet na mair."

---

* *Loun*—rogue. † *Wyte*—blame. ‡ *Een*—eyes.

She has tane him in her arms twa,
And gien him kisses five;
Says, "Here's your health and mine, Jamie,
I wish weel mote ye thrive."

"Your father has a bonnie cock,
Divides the nicht and day;
And at the middle watch o' the nicht,
In greenwud ye'll meet me."

Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun* for bed,
She's kilted up her green claithing,
And met Jamie in the wud.

When bells war rung, and mass was sung,—
About the hour o' twa,
Its up bespak her auld father,
Says, "Peggy is awa!

Ga saddle to me the black, the black,
Ga saddle to me the grey;"
But ere they wan to† the tap o' the hill,
The wedding was a' bye.

---

* *Boun*—prepared. † *Wan to*—arrived at.

WILLIAM GUISEMAN.

My name is William Guiseman,
In London I do dwell;
I have committed murder,
And that is known right well;
I have committed murder,
And that is known right well,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

I lov'd a neighbour's dochter,
And with her I did lie;
I did dissemble with her
Myself to satisfy;
I did dissemble with her
Myself to satisfy,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

Sae cunningly's I kept her,
  Until the fields war toom;*
Sae cunningly's I trysted† her
  Unto yon shade o' broom;
And syne I took my wills o' her,
  And then I flang her doun,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

Sae cunningly's I kill'd her
  Who should have been my wife;
Sae cursedly's I kill'd her,
  And with my cursed knife:
Sae cursedly's I kill'd her,
  Who should have been my wife,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

Six days she lay in murder
  Before that she was found;
Six days she lay in murder
  Upon the cursed ground;

---

* *Toom*—empty. † *Trysted*—enticed.

Six days she lay in murder,
Before that she was found;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

O all the neighbours round about,
They said it had been I:—
I put my foot on gude shipboard,
The country to defy;
The ship she wadna sail again,
But hoisted to and fro;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

O up bespak the skipper boy,
I wat he spak too high;
"There's sinful men amongst us,
The seas will not obey:"
O up bespak the skipper boy,
I wat he spak too high;
And it's for mine offence I must die.

O we cuist cavels* us amang,
The cavel fell on me;

---

* *Cuist cavels*—cast lots. See note p. 126.

O we cuist cavels us amang,
The cavel fell on me;
O we cuist cavels us amang,
The cavel fell on me:
And it's for mine offence I must die.

I had a loving mother,
Who of me took gret care,
She wad hae gien the gold sae red
T' have bought me from that snare;
But the gold could not be granted—
The gallows pays a share—
And it's for mine offence I must die.

LAIRD OF OCHILTREE.

This title is given in Clydesdale to a different version of "The original ballad of the Broom of the Cowden-knows," as published in the Border Minstrelsy. The following fragment, under the title of the "Laird of Lochnie," is also inserted to show the north country version of this "pastoral tale."

It was on a day, when a lovely may
Was cawing* out her father's kye,†
And she spied a troop o' gentlemen,
As they war passing bye.

"O show me the way, my pretty may,
O show me the way," said he;

---

* *Cawing*—driving. † *Kye*—cattle.

"My steed has just now rode wrang,
And the way I canna see."

"O hold ye on the same way," she said,
O hold ye on't again,
For an ye hold on the king's hieway,
Rank reivers* will do ye na harm."

He took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the gerss green sleeve;
And he has taigelt† wi' the fair may,
And of her he speir'd‡ na leave.

When ance he got her gudwill,
Of her he crav'd na mair,
But he pou'd out a ribbon frae his pouch,
And snooded§ up her hair.

He put his hand into his purse,
And gied her guineas three:—
"If I come na back in twenty weeks,
Ye needna look mair for me."

---

* *Rank reivers*—strong robbers.

† *Taigelt*—tarried. ‡ *Speir'd*—asked. § *Snooded*—see note p. 165.

When the bonnie may gaed hame,
Her father did her blame;—
"Whare hae ye been, now dame," he said,
"For ye hae na been your lane."

"The nicht is misty and mirk,* father,
Ye may gang to the door and see;
The nicht is misty and mirk, father,
And there's na body wi' me.

But there cam a tod† to your flock, father,
The like o' him I never saw;
Or he had tane the lambie that he did,
I wad rather he had tane them a'.

But he seem'd to be a gentleman,
Or a man of some pious degree;
For whanever he spak, he lifted up his hat,
And he had bonnie twinkling ee."

Whan twenty weeks war come and gane,
Twenty weeks and three,

---

* *Mirk*—dark. † *Tod*—Fox.

The lassie begoud* to grow thick in the waist,
And thoucht lang for his twinkling ee.

It fell upon a day, whan the bonnie may
Was cawing out the kye,
She spied the same troop o' gentlemen,
As they war passing bye.

"O weill may ye save, my pretty may,
Weill may ye save and see;
Weill may ye save, my bonnie may,
Gang† ye wi' child to me?"

But the may she turn'd her back to him,
She begoud to think meikle shame:—
"Na, na, na, na, kind sir," she said,
I've a gudeman‡ o' my ain."

"Sae loud as I hear ye lee, fair may,
Sae loud as I hear ye lee;
Dinna ye mind o' yon misty nicht,
I was in the bucht§ wi' thee?"

---

* *Begoud*—began. † *Gang*—go. ‡ *Gudeman*—husband.

§ *Bucht*—sheep-fold.

He lichted aff his hie, hie, horse,
And he set the bonnie may on;—
"Now caw* out your kye gudefather,†
Ye maun caw them out your lane.

For lang will ye caw them out,
And weary will ye be,
Or ye get your dochter again,
That was aye dear to thee.

He was the Laird o' Ochiltree,
Of thirty ploughs and three,
And he has stown awa the bonniest may
In a' the south countrie.

---

* *Caw*—drive. † *Gudefather*—father-in-law.

NOTES

ON

LAIRD OF OCHILTREE.

But he pou'd out a ribbon frae his pouch,
And snooded up her hair.—p. 161, v. 5.

His conduct would lead us to suppose that he had rather *unsnooded* her hair: the *snood*, or *head-lace*, being a fillet of ribbon used as a band for the hair, properly belonging to unmarried females; and, like the English *garland*, was once viewed as an emblem of purity, though it has now lost that distinguishing character, being worn by all classes of women, and indeed, has become so degraded, as to be usually worn by females of the worst description. This was not the case formerly; for so soon as a young woman had "*tint her snood*," or, in other words, had lost the title of a maid, she was no longer permitted to wear that em-

blem of her virgin state, and was looked upon, by our simple, but honest forefathers, as a "guilty thing," whose honour could only be repaired by marrying her seducer.

But he seem'd to be a gentleman,
Or a man of some pious degree.—p. 162, v. 10.

Is there here any allusion to those itinerant friars whom the poet anathematizes, and prays fervently to God to send "every priest ane wife;"

"For than suld nocht sa many hure
Be up and doune this land;
Nor yit sa many beggars pur
In kirk and mercat stand.

And not sa meikill bastard seid
Throw out this cuntrie sawin;
Nor gude men uncouth fry suld feed,
An all the suith were knawin."

Pinkerton's Ballads, v. 2, p. 104.

LAIRD OF LOCHNIE.

THE lassie sang sae loud, sae loud,
  The lassie sang sae shill;*
The lassie sang, and the greenwud rang,
  At the farther side o' yon hill.

Bye there cam a troop o' merry gentlemen,
  They a' rade merrily bye;
The very first and the foremost
  Was the first that spak to the may.

"This is a mirk and a misty night,
  And I hae ridden wrang,

---

* *Shill*—shrill.

If ye wad be sae guid and kind,
As to show me the way to gang."

"If ye binna* the Laird o' Lochnie's lands,
Nor nane o' his degree,
I will show a nearer road
The glen waters to keep ye frae."

"I'm na the Laird o' Lochnie's lands,
Nor nane o' his degree;
But I am as brave a knicht,
And ride aft in his companie.

Hae ye na pity on me, pretty maid,
Hae ye na pity on me;
Hae ye na pity on my puir steed
That stands trembling by yon tree?"

"What pity wad ye hae, kind sir,
What pity wad ye hae frae me?
Tho' your steed has neither corn nor hay,
It has gerss at libertie."

---

* *Binna*—be not.

He has trysted* the pretty maid,
  Till they cam to the brume;
And at the end o' yon ew-buchts,
  It's there they baith sat doun.

Till up she raise, took up her milk pails,
  And awa' gaed she hame—
Up bespak her auld father,
  "It's whare ye been sae lang?"

"This is a mirk and misty nicht,
  Ye may gang to the door and see;
The ewes took a skipping out oure the knowes,†
  They wadna bucht‡ in for me.

I may curse my father's shepherd,
  Some ill death may he die;
He buchted the ewes sae far frae the town,
  And trysted the young men to me."

* * *

---

* *Trysted*—enticed. † *Knowes*—knolls. ‡ *Bucht*—fold.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL

Was taken down from the recitation of an Idiot boy in Wishaw.

"I AM gaing awa, Jeanie,
I am gaing awa,
I am gaing ayont* the saut seas,
I'm gaing sae far awa."

"What will ye buy to me, Jamie,
What will ye buy to me?"
"I'll buy to you a silken plaid,
And send it wi' vanitie."

"That's na love at a', Jamie,
That's na love at a';

---

* *Ayont*—beyond.

All I want is love for love,
And that's the best ava.*

"Whan will ye marry me, Jamie,
Whan will ye marry me?
Will ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or will ye marry me?"

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
How can I marry thee?
Whan I've a wife and bairns three,—
Twa wad na weill agree."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
Wae be to your fause tongue;
Ye promised for to marry me,
And has a wife at hame!

"But if your wife wad dee, Jamie,
And sae your bairns three,
Wad ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or wad ye marry me?

---

* *Ava*—of all.

"But sin* they're all alive, Jamie,
But sin they're a' alive,
We'll tak a glass in ilka hand,
And drink, Weill may they thrive."

"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
And sae my bairns three,
I wad tak ye to my ain countrie,
And married we wad be."

"O an your head war sair, Jamie,
O an your head war sair,
I'd tak the napkin frae my neck,
And tie doun your yellow hair."

"I hae na wife at a', Jeanie,
I hae na wife at a',
I hae neither wife nor bairns three,
I said it to try thee."

"Licht are ye to loup,† Jamie,
Licht are ye to loup,

---

* *Sin*—since. † *Loup*—leap.

Licht are ye to loup the dyke,
Whan I maun wale a slap."*

"Licht am I to loup, Jeanie,
Licht am I to loup;
But the hiest dyke that we come to,
I'll turn and tak you up.

"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonnie Dunkel is whare I dwell,
And the boats o' Garry's mine.

"Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie,
Huntingtower is mine,
Huntingtower, and bonnie Belford,
And a' Balquhither's mine."

---

* *Wale a slap*—choose a gap.

GLASGOW PEGGY

Is given from recitation. A paltry and imperfect copy has often been printed for the stalls, though the Editor has never seen it in any collection.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
  But the hieland lads are brisk and gaucy;*
And they are awa near Glasgow toun,
  To steal awa a bonnie lassie.

"I wad gie my gude brown steed,
  And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,†
That I war fifty miles frae the toun,
  And nane wi' me but my bonnie Peggy."

---

* *Gaucy*—jolly. † *Naigie*—nag.

But up then spak the auld gudman,
And vow but he spak wondrous saucie;—
"Ye may steal awa our cows and ewes,
But ye sanna get our bonnie lassie."

"I have got cows and ewes anew,
I've got gowd and gear already;
Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,
But I will hae your bonnie Peggy."

"I'll follow you oure moss and muir,
I'll follow you oure mountains many,
I'll follow you through frost and snaw,
I'll stay na langer wi' my daddie."

He set her on a gude brown steed,
Himself upon a gude grey naigie;
They're oure hills, and oure dales,
And he's awa wi' his bonnie Peggy.

As they rade out by Glasgow toun,
And doun by the hills o' Achildounie,
There they met the Earl of Hume,
And his auld son, riding bonnie.

Out bespak the Earl of Hume,
And O but he spak wondrous sorry,—
"The bonniest lass about a' Glasgow toun,
This day is awa wi' a hieland laddie."

As they rade bye auld Drymen toun,
The lassies leuch* and lookit saucy,
That the bonniest lass they ever saw,
Sud† be riding awa wi' a hieland laddie.

They rode on through moss and muir,‡
And so did they owre mountains many,
Until that they cam to yonder glen,
And she's lain doun wi' her hieland laddie.

Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,
And brakens§ war her blankets bonnie;
Wi' his tartan plaid aneath her head,
And she's lain doun wi' her hieland laddie.

"There's beds and bowsters‖ in my father's house,
There's sheets and blankets, and a' thing ready,

---

* *Leuch*—laughed. † *Sud*—should. ‡ *Moss and muir*—marsh and moor. § *Brakens*—fern. ‖ *Bowsters*—bolsters.

And wadna they be angry wi' me,
  To see me lie sae wi' a hieland laddie."

"Tho' there's beds and beddin in your father's house,
  Sheets and blankets and a' made ready;
Yet why sud they be angry wi' thee,
  Though I be but a hieland laddie.

It's I hae fifty acres of land,
  It's a' plow'd and sawn already;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
  And why sud na Peggy be call'd a lady?

I hae fifty gude milk kye,
  A' tied to the staws* already;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
  And why sud na Peggy be call'd a lady?

See ye no a' yon castles and tow'rs,
  The sun sheens owre them a' sae bonnie;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
  I think I'll mak ye as blythe as onie.

---

* *Staws*—stalls.

A' that Peggy left behind
  Was a cot-house and a wee kail-yardie;
Now I think she is better by far,
  Than tho' she had got a lawland lairdie.

LADY MARGARET.

In Mr. Jamieson's collection will be found, under the title of "Burd Ellen," a different version of this ballad, containing several emendations by that gentleman of very doubtful propriety; particularly the addition of the three concluding stanzas, whereby the character of the catastrophe is entirely changed. Instead of winding up the story in a happy manner, he, adopting the idea of Mrs. Hampden Pye, who wrote a ballad on the same subject, has chosen to give it a fatal termination; while *Child Waters*, (another copy published by Percy), and all the versions the Editor has seen, give it a favourable conclusion.

LADY MARGARET.

"The corn is turning ripe, Lord John,
The nuts are growing fu',
And ye are bound for your ain countrie,
Fain wad I go wi' you."

"Wi' me, Marg'ret, wi' me, Marg'ret,
What wad ye do wi' me?
I've mair need o' a pretty little boy,
To wait upon my steed."

"It's I will be your pretty little boy
To wait upon your steed;
And ilka town that we come to,
A pack of hounds I'll lead."

"My hounds will eat o' the bread o' wheat,
And ye of the bread of bran;
And then you will sit and sigh,
That e'er ye loed a man."

The first water that they cam to,
I think they call it Clyde,
He saftly unto her did say,—
"Lady Marg'ret, will ye ride?"

The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee;
Says, "Wae be to ye, waefu' water,
For through ye I maun be."

The second step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle,
And sigh'd, and said, Lady Margaret,—
"I've stain'd my gowden girdle."

The third step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the neck;
The pretty babe within her sides,
The cauld it garr'd it squake.*

---

* *Squake*—cry.

"Lie still my babe, lie still my babe,
Lie still as lang's ye may,
For your father rides on horseback high,
Cares little for us twae."*

It's whan she cam to the other side,
She sat doun on a stane;
Says, "Them that made me, help me now,
For I am far frae hame.

How far is it frae your mither's bouer,
Gude Lord John tell to me?"
"Its therty miles, Lady Margaret,
It's therty miles and three:
And ye'se be wed to ane o' her serving men,
For ye'se get na mair o' me."

Then up bespak the wylie parrot,
As it sat on the tree;—
"Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John," it said,
"Sae loud as I hear ye lee.

"Ye say it's therty miles frae your mither's bouer
Whan it's but barely three;

---

* *Twae*—two.

And she'll ne'er be wed to a serving man,
For she'll be your ain ladie."

* * *

Monie a lord and fair ladie
Met Lord John in the closs,*
But the bonniest face amang them a',
Was hauding† Lord John's horse.

Monie a lord and gay ladie
Sat dining in the ha',
But the bonniest face that was there,
Was waiting on them a'.

O up bespak Lord John's sister,
A sweet young maid was she,—
"My brither has brought a bonnie young page,
His like I ne'er did see;
But the red flits fast frae his cheek,
And the tear stands in his ee."

---

* *Closs*—entry. † *Hauding*—holding.

But up bespak Lord John's mither,
She spak wi' meikle scorn,—
"He's liker a woman gret wi' bairn,
Than onie waiting-man."

"It's ye'll rise up, my bonnie boy,
And gie my steed the hay."—
"O that I will, my dear master,
As fast as I can gae."

She took the hay aneath her arm,
The corn intil her hand;
But atween the stable door and the staw,*
Lady Marg'ret made a stand.

* * *

"O open the door, Lady Margaret,
O open and let me in;
I want to see if my steed be fed,
Or my grey hounds fit to rin."

---

* *Staw*—stall.

"I'll na open the door, Lord John, she said,
I'll na open it to thee,
Till ye grant to me my ae request,
And a puir ane it's to me.

Ye'll gie to me a bed in an out-house,
For my young son and me,
And the meanest servant in a' the place,*
To wait on him and me."

"I grant, I grant, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"A' that, and mair frae me,
The very best bed in a' the place
To your young son and thee:
And my mither, and my sister dear,
To wait on him and thee.

And a' thae lands, and a' thae rents,
They sall be his and thine;
Our wedding and our kirking† day,
They sall be all in ane."

---

* *Place*—mansion. † *Kirking*—churching.

And he has tane Lady Margaret,
  And row'd her in the silk;
And he has tane his ain young son,
  And wash'd him in the milk.

GEORDIE.

The Editor is inclined to assign the sixteenth century as the date of this production. It appears to have originated in the factions of the family of Huntley, during the reign of Queen Mary; and the following passage in Buchanan, relates to a transaction which probably gave rise to this ballad.—"After this, when the state of the public seemed to be somewhat settled, the Queen-regent (as now she was called) sent out George Gordon, earl of Huntly, to apprehend John Muderach, chief of the family of the M'Ronalds, a notorious robber who had played many foul and monstrous pranks. It is thought that Gordon did not play fair in this expedition; so that when he returned without doing the business he was sent about, he was kept pris-

oner till the time appointed for his answer. Gordon being in prison, the Queen-regent's council were of different opinions as to his punishment. Some were for his banishment for several years into France; others for putting him to death; but both these opinions were rejected by Gilbert, earl of Cassils, the chief of his enemies. For he foreseeing by the present state of things, that the peace between the Scots and the French would not be long-lived, was not for his banishment into France; for he knew a man of so crafty a spirit, and so spiteful at those who blamed or envied him, would, in the war which the insolence of the French was like speedily to occasion, be a perfect incendiary, and perhaps a general for the enemy. And he was more against putting him to death, because he thought no private offence worthy of so great punishment, or to be so revenged, as to inure the French to spill the blood of the nobility of Scotland. And therefore he went a middle way, that he should be fined and kept in prison till he yielded up the right which he pretended to have over Murray, &c. Upon these

conditions he was dismissed."—*Hist. Scot.* 1799, *vol.* 2, *p.* 222.

A different, and more complete version of this ballad was published in "Johnson's Musical Museum;" and as that work has become exceedingly scarce, the Editor makes no apology for here inserting that version, as being more particular in its details.

THERE was a battle in the North,
And nobles there were many,
And they hae kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady;
"Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,
To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But she had na read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't like a lilly.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
My menzie a' gae wi' me;
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till Enbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mountit her gude grey steed
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her;
And she did neither eat nor drink,
Till Enbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the aix to head him;
And Geordie cumin down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There was na ane in a' the court,
Sae bra' a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee,
I wat she's pale and weary,—
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my Dearie.

I hae borne seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu' lady!"

"Gar bid the headin-man mak' haste,
Our king reply'd fu' lordly;—
"O noble king, tak a' that's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie.

The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,
  And they were stark and steady;
And ae the word amang them a',
  Was, Gordons, keep you ready.

An aged lord at the king's right hand,
  Says, "Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
  And gie her back her dearie."

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,
  Some gae her dollars many;
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,
  And she's gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
  Says, "Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green,
  Or I had tint my laddie."

He claspit her by the middle sma',
  And he kist her lips sae rosy;—
"The fairest flower o' woman-kind,
  Is my sweet, bonnie lady!"

GEORDIE.

THERE was a battle in the North,
And rebels there were monie;
And monie ane got broken heads,
And taken was my Geordie.

My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
O the love I bear to Geordie;
For the very grund I walk upon
Bears witness I loe Geordie,*

As she gaed up the tolbooth stair,
The cripples there stood monie;
And she dealt the red gowd them among,
To pray for her love Geordie.

---

* *Loe*—love.

And whan she cam into the hall,
The nobles there stood monie;
And ilka ane stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

Up bespak a Norlan* lord,
I wat he spak na bonnie,—
"If ye'll stay here a little while,
Ye'll see Geordie hangit shortly."

Then up bespak a baron bold,
And O but he spak bonnie;—
"If ye'll pay doun five hundred crowns,
Ye'se get you true-love Geordie."

Some lent her guineas, some lent her crowns,
Some lent her shillings monie;
And she's paid doun five hundred crowns,
And she's gotten her bonnie love Geordie.

When she was mounted on her hie steed,
And on ahint her Geordie;

---

* *Norlan*—North country.

Na bird on the brier e'er sang sae clear,
As the young knight and his ladie:—

" *My Geordie O, my Geordie O,*
O the love I bear to Geordie;
The very stars in the firmament,
Bear tokens I loe Geordie."

LORD JOHN

Is evidently a different version of the ballad of "The Broomfield Hill," published in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. 2, p. 244.

"I'LL wager, I'll wager," says Lord John,
A hundred merks and ten,
That ye winna gae to the bonnie broom-fields,
And a maid return again."—

"But I'll lay a wager wi' you, Lord John,
A' your merks oure again,
That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-fields,
And a maid return again."

Then Lord John mounted his grey steed,
And his hound wi' his bells sae bricht,

And swiftly he rade to the bonny broom-fields,
Wi' his hawks, like a lord or knicht.

"Now rest, now rest, my bonnie grey steed,
My lady will soon be here;
And I'll lay my head aneath this rose sae red,
And the bonnie burn* sae near."

But sound, sound, was the sleep he took,
For he slept till it was noon;
And his lady cam at day, left a taiken† and away,
Gaed as licht as a glint‡ o' the moon.

She strawed the roses on the ground,
Threw her mantle on the brier,§
And the belt around her middle sae jimp,
As a taiken that she'd been there.

The rustling leaves flew round his head,
And rous'd him frae his dream;
He saw by the roses, and mantle sae green,
That his love had been there and was gane.

---

* *Burn*—rivulet. † *Taiken*—token. ‡ *Glint*—glance.

§ *Brier*—briar.

"O whare was ye, my gude grey steed,
That I coft* ye sae dear;
That yé didna waken your master,
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here."—

"I pautit† wi' my foot, master,
Garr'd a' my bridlés ring;
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,
For now is the hour and time."—

"Then whare was ye, my bonnie grey hound,
That I coft ye sae dear,
That ye didna waken your master,
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here."—

"I pautit wi' my foot, master,
Garr'd a' my bells to ring;
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,
For now is the hour and time."—

"But whare was ye, my hawks, my hawks,
That I coft ye sae dear,

---

* *Coft*—bought. † *Pautit*—stamped.

That ye didna waken your master,
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here."—

"O wyte* na me, now, my master dear,
I garr'd a' my young hawks sing,
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,
For now is the hour and time."—

"Then be it sae, my wager gane!
'Twill skaith frae meikle ill;†
For gif I had found her in bonnie broom-fields,
O' her heart's blude ye'd drunken your fill."

---

* *Wyte*—blame.

† *'Twill skaith frae meikle ill*, i. e. it will keep me innocent of much evil.

LAIRD OF DRUM.

THOUGH this production has never appeared in any collection, it has been printed on a *broadside* in the North, where it is extremely popular: the present copy, however, is obtained from recitation.

Drum, the property of the ancient, and once powerful family of Irwin or Irvine, is situated in the parish of Drumoak, in Aberdeenshire. This ballad was composed on the marriage of Alexander Irvine of Drum to his second wife, Margaret Coutts, a woman of inferior birth and manners, which step gave great offence to his relations. He had previously, in 1643, married Mary, fourth daughter of George, second Marquis of Huntly.

LAIRD OF DRUM.

The Laird o' Drum is a-wooing gane,
It was on a morning early,
And he has fawn in wi' a bonnie may
A-shearing at her barley.

"My bonnie may, my weel-faur'd may,
O will ye fancy me, O;
And gae and be the Lady o' Drum,
And lat your shearing abee, O.

"It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,
I winna fancy thee, O,
I winna gae and be Lady o' Drum,
And lat my shearing abee, O.

But set your love on anither, kind sir,
  Set it not on me, O,
For I am not fit to be your bride,
  And your hure I'll never be, O.

My father he is a shepherd mean,
  Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speir at him,
  For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
  Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O;
And he has gotten his consent
  That the may was at his will, O.—

"But my dochter can neither read nor write,
  She was ne'er brought up at scheel,* O;
But weel can she milk cow and ewe,
  And mak a kebbuck† weel, O.

She'll win‡ in your barn at bear-seed time,
  Cast out your muck at Yule,§ O,

---

* *Scheel*—the Aberdeenshire pronunciation of *school.*
† *Kebbuck*—cheese. ‡ *Win*—work. § *Yule*—Christmas.

She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw aff your boots hersell, O."

"Have not I no clergymen?
Pay I no clergy fee, O?
I'll scheel her as I think fit,
And as I think weel to be, O.

I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersell, O.

But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

Drum is to the hielands gane,
For to mak a' ready,
And a' the gentry round about,
Cried, "Yonder's Drum and his lady!

Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,
And Drum is a wealthy laddie,

But he micht hae chosen a hier match,
Than onie shepherd's lassie."

Then up bespak his brither John,
Says, "Ye've deen* us meikle wrang, O,
Ye've married een below our degree,
A lake† to a' our kin, O."

"Hold your tongue, my brither John,
I have deen you na wrang, O,
For I've married een to wirk and win,‡
And ye've married een to spend O.

The first time that I had a wife,
She was far abeen§ my degree, O;
I durst na come in her presence,
But wi' my hat upo' my knee, O.

The first wife that I did wed,
She was far abeen my degree, O,
She wadna hae walk'd to the yetts o' Drum
But|| the pearls abeen her bree,¶ O.

---

* *Deen*—done. † *Lake*—stain. ‡ *To wirk and win*—to work and gain. § *Abeen*—above. || *But*—without. ¶ *Bree*—brow.

But an she was ador'd for as much gold,
  As Peggy's for beautie, O,
She micht walk to the yetts o' Drum
  Amang gueed* companie, O."

There war four and twenty gentlemen
  Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O,
There was na ane amang them a'
  That welcom'd his lady in, O.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
  And led her in himsel, O,
And in thro' ha's, and in thro' bouers,—
  "And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O."

Thrice he kissed her cherry cheek,
  And thrice her cherry chin, O;
And twenty times her comely mou',—
  "And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O."

Ye sall be cook in my kitchen,
  Butler in my ha', O;

---

* *Gueed*—good.

Ye sall be lady in my command,
Whan I ride far awa, O."—

"But I told ye afore we war wed,
I was owre low for thee, O;
But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,
And ye maun be content wi' me, O:

For an I war dead, and ye war dead,
And baith in ae grave laid, O,
And ye and I war tane up again,
Wha could distan your mouls* frae mine, O?"

---

* *Distan your mouls*—distinguish your dust.

JOCK O' HAZELGREEN.

Though not possessing much poetical merit, this production lays claim to preservation, as having, apparently, suggested the idea of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful Border Ballad of "Jock of Hazeldean." The first stanza of that ballad, which is given as ancient, differs greatly from the opening one of the present.

It was on a morning early,
  Afore day licht did appear,
I heard a pretty damsel
  Making a heavy bier:*
Making a heavy bier,
  I wonder'd what she did mean,

---

* *Bier*—complaint.

But ae the tears came rapping* down,—
Crying, "O Jock o' Hazelgreen."

"O whare is this Hazelgreen, maid,
That I may him see."—
"He is a ticht and proper youth,
Lives in the south countrie.
His shoulders broad, his arms long,
O! he's comely to be seen,"—
But ae the tears cam rapping doun,
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

"Will ye gang wi' me, fair maid,
And I'll marry ye on my son:"—
"Afore I wad go along wi' you,
To be married on your son,
I'd rather choose to bide at hame,
And die for Hazelgreen!"

But he has tane her up behind,
And spurred on his horse,
Till ance he cam to Embro' toun,
And lichted at the corss.†

---

* *Rapping*—falling rapidly. † *Corss*—cross.

He coft* to her a petticoat,
  Besides a handsome goun;
He tied a silver belt about her waist,
  Worth thrice three hunder pund.

And whan he cam to Hazelyetts,
  He lichted doun therein;
Monie war the brave ladies there,
  Monie ane to be seen;
Whan she lichted doun amang them a',
  She seem'd to be their queen;—
But ae the tears cam rapping doun,
  For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Young Hazelgreen took her by the hand,
  And led her out and in:
Said, "Bonnie lady, for your sake,
  I could be rent and ravin';†
I wad gae a' my lands and rents,
  Though I had kingdoms three,
If I could hae the great pleasure
  To enjoy thy fair bodie,"

---

* *Coft*—bought.

† *Rent and ravin'*—mad, in the language of lovers.

"Na mair o' this," his father said,
"Of your mourning let abee;
I brought the damsel far frae hame,
She's thrice as wae for thee:
The morn is your bridal day,
The nicht's your bridal e'en,
And I'll gie ye a' my lands and rents,
My pleasing son, Hazelgreen."

DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

ANOTHER version of this ballad, differing considerably from the present, has been published, under the singular title of *Babylon, or the Bonnie Banks of Fordie*, in the "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;" where it is given as being popular in the Southern parishes of Perthshire. The present copy is from Mearns-shire, although it would seem to have acquired 'a local habitation and a name,' in the former county. It appears to relate to the family of Drummond of Perth; and though the title of 'Duke of Perth,' was unknown prior to the Revolution, the assumption of it here does not lessen the antiquity of the ballad, as it is a well known custom among the vulgar, from whom

we have to glean our 'legendary lore,' frequently to alter the names of persons and places to suit their own fancy, or caprice: and this ballad, though really relating to the family alluded to, may have formerly borne a more humble name, and acquired its present title on the creation of the dukedom.

DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

THE Duke o' Perth had three daughters,
  Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
And Elizabeth's to the greenwud gane
  To pu'* the rose and the fair lilie.

But she hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
  A double rose, but barely three,
Whan up and started a Loudon Lord,
  Wi' Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.†

---

* *Pu'*—pluck. † Loudon sheen—*Lothian shoes.*

"Will ye be called a robber's wife?
Or will ye be stickit wi' my bloody knife?
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

"Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
I'll rather be stickit wi' your bloody knife,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

Then out he's tane his little penknife,
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
And thrown her o'er a bank o' brume,
There never more for to be found.

The Duke o' Perth had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
And Margaret's to the greenwud gane
To pu' the rose and the fair lilie.

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A double rose, but barely three,
When up and started a Loudon Lord,
Wi' Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.

"Will ye be called a robber's wife?
Or will ye be stickit wi' my bloody knife?
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

"Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
I'll rather be stickit wi' your bloody knife,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

Then out he's tane his little penknife,
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free.

The Duke o' Perth had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
And Mary's to the greenwud gane
To pu' the rose and the fair lilie.

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A double rose, but barely three,
When up and started a Loudon Lord,
Wi' Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.

"O will ye be called a robber's wife?
Or will ye be stickit wi' my bloody knife?
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

"Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
I'll rather be stickit wi' your bloody knife,
For pu'in the rose and the fair lilie,
For pu'in them sae fair and free."

But just as he took out his knife,
To tak' frae her, her ain sweet life,
Her brother John cam ryding bye,
And this bloody robber he did espy.

But when he saw his sister fair,
He kenn'd her by her yellow hair,
He call'd upon his pages three,
To find this robber speedilie.

"My sisters twa that are dead and gane,
For whom we made a heavy maene,*
It's you that's twinn'd† them o' their life,
And wi' your cruel bloody knife.

---

* *Maene*—lamentation. † *Twinn'd*—deprived.

Then for their life ye sair shall dree,
Ye sall be hangit on a tree,
Or thrown into the poison'd lake,
To feed the toads and rattle-snake."

NOTES

ON

DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

Or thrown into the poison'd lake,
To feed the toads and rattle-snake.—p. 216, *v.* 18.

THOSE readers who are versant in tales of knight-errantry, will here be reminded of knights, who, in search of perilous enterprises, had often to cross noxious lakes teeming with pestilential vapours, and swarming with serpents, and other venomous reptiles, that opposed their baneful and offensive influence to impede or destroy these bold adventurers. Though the "poisoned lake" seems the fiction of romance, yet history in her record of human cruelty, shows that the use of venomous animals to inflict a lingering and painful death, was not unknown in Britain. The Saxon Chronicle, in detailing the cruelties exercised by the Normans upon the Anglo-Saxons, during the

reign of king Stephen, relates that "They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords, till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads."—*Henry's Britain*, vol. 6, p. 346. This reminds us of the horrible fate of the warlike Lodbrog, a Danish king, who, after successfully waging predatory warfare for a long time against the Saxons, was at last taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, and thrown into a dungeon full of serpents. He is said to have composed amidst his torments, an heroic death song, in which he thus laments his fate, and describes his sufferings:—

Aslanga's sons would soon draw nigh,
With utmost swiftness hither fly,
And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright,
Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,
If told, or could they but divine
What woe, what dire mischance is mine.
How many serpents round me hang,
And tear my flesh with poisonous fang;
A mother to my sons I gave,
With native worth who stamp'd them brave.

Fast to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal I tend.
Fix'd is the viper's mortal harm;
Within my heart, his mansion warm,
In the recesses of my breast
The writhing snake has form'd his nest.

Evans's Old Ballads, vol. 3.

LORD HENRY

AND LADY ELLENORE.

The Editor is assured that this ballad, though apparently of a modern cast, is of considerable antiquity. It is given from the recitation of a lady who learned it forty years ago, from a very old woman, who in her turn, had it from tradition.

Lady Ellenore and Lord Henry
  Liv'd in the North countrie,
And they hae pledg'd their faith and troth
  That wedded they would be.

Her father was a baron bauld,
  Her brother a valiant knicht,

And she, her father's ae dochter,
  A maid of beauty bricht.
But they disliked her ain dear choice,
  For he had nae stately bield;*
He had but a true and loving heart,
  And honour in the field.

But love is like the rapid stream
  That rushes down the hill;
The mair they vow'd against her love,
  The mair she loed† him still.

For they loed ither frae their youth,
  And wont to stray thegither,‡
By their twa sells, when little babes,
  To pu' the blooming heather.

But late on a September nicht,
  Thir§ lovers did agree,
To meet as they were wont to do
  Under the aiken‖ tree.

**Bield*—habitation. † *Loed*—loved. ‡ *Thegither*—together.

§ *Thir*—these. ‖ *Aiken*—oaken.

Lady Ellen, trusty to the hour,
  Did to the grove repair;
She waited lang, and very lang,
  But nae Henry cam there.

"O what has stay'd my Henry dear,
  That keeps him sae frae me;
There is the stream, and there's the rock,
  And here's the aiken tree."

But loud, loud blew the tempest round,
  And rushing cam the rain;
She call'd aloud on Henry dear,
  But a' her calls were vain!

Nought could be heard, nought could be seen,
  For a' was darkness there;
She wrung her hands in weeping wae,
  'Twas bord'ring on despair.

Then out behind a dark, dark cloud
  The moon shone bricht and clear;
She thought she saw twa shepherd youths,
  To them she did repair.

But sic a sicht to Ellen fair!
  She saw her lover laid
A corpse beside her brother dear,
  Row'd in his tartan plaid!

Weel, weel, she kenn'd his lovely form,
  His yellow locks like gold,
That still wav'd in the surly blast,
  A sad sicht to behold!

Her brother still held in his grasp
  A dirk wi' blude all dyed!
Her spirit fled, she dropped down
  Close by her lover's side!

Then at her father's lordly ha',
  The breakfast was set down:—
"O where's my daughter," says her sire,
  "Is she gane frae the toun?"

Then up bespak a wylie page,
  And to his lord did say,—
"Lady Ellen stray'd alane last nicht,
  About the e'ening grey."

"Gae, search for her all up and down,
Gae, search her favour'd grove;
I fear she's fallen down the rock,
For there she aft did rove."

The storm was o'er, the morn was fair,—
They soon did them espy,
All in a hallow of the hill
The three corpses did lie.

O bluidy, bluidy, were the youths,
All dy'd frae head to heel;
They still kept in their deadly grasp
Their dirks o' trusty steel.

But Ellen lay as one asleep,
Her jetty tresses flew
Around her now pale death-cold cheek,
And o'er her noble brow.

When tidings to their father cam,
He lov'd his children so,
He fell down lifeless on the ground!
It was a deadly blow!

His lady fair had lang been laid
  Down by yon willow tree,
That now waves o'er her daughter's grave,
  With her lov'd Henerie.

Her brother and her father dear
  Sleep sound down by yon brae,
'Twas a' owing to her brother's proud heart,
  That brought sae meikle wae.

Lang may Lord Henry's mother look
  Her ain dear son to see;
He lies beside his Ellen dear,
  Beneath the willow tree.

HYNDE ETIN.

A SANGUINE antiquary might, perhaps, with some probability, discover, in this ballad, a fragment of the tale or romance of the 'Reyde Eyttyn vitht the thre heydis,' mentioned in the 'Complaynt of Scotland.' Dr. Leyden, in his preliminary dissertation to that work, p. 235, speaking of such romances, remarks that they are either lost, or only exist as popular tales. "The *Red Etin* is still a popular character in Scotland; and, according to the vulgar etymology of his name, is always represented as an insatiable gormandizer on red or raw flesh, and exclaiming, as in the story of Jack and the Beanstalk,

> "Snouk butt, snouk ben,
> I find the smell of earthly men."

In this ballad, however, he bears a more courteous name and character, and seems to have lost his 'thre heydis,' and his appetite for 'quyk men'; although his gormandizing qualities are proverbial in Mearns-shire, where the phrase '*Roaring like a Red Etin*,' is applied to any one who is clamorous for his victuals.

The reciter, unfortunately, could not remember more of the ballad, although the story was strongly impressed on her memory. She related that the lady, after having been taken home by Hynde Etin, lived with him many years, and bore him seven sons, the eldest of whom, after the enquiries at his parents detailed in the ballad, determines to go in search of the Earl, his grandfather. At his departure, his mother instructs him how to proceed, giving him a ring to bribe the porter at her father's gate, and a silken vest, wrought by her own hand, to be worn in the presence of her father. The son sets out, and arrives at the castle, where, by bribing the porter, he gets admission to the Earl, who, struck with the resemblance of the

youth to his lost daughter, and the similarity of the vest to one she had wrought for himself, examines the young man, from whom he discovers the fate of his daughter. He gladly receives his grandson, and goes to his daughter's residence, where he meets her and Hynde Etin, who is pardoned by the Earl through the intercession of his daughter.

HYNDE ETIN.

May Marg'ret stood in her bouer door,
  Kaiming doun her yellow hair;
She spied some nuts growin in the wud,
  And wish'd that she was there.

She has plaited her yellow locks
  A little abune her bree,
And she has kilted her petticoats
  A little below her knee;
And she's aff to Mulberry wud,
  As fast as she could gae.

She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,
  A nut but barely ane,

Till up started the Hynde Etin,
  Says, "Lady! let thae alane."

"Mulberry wuds are a' my ain,
  My father gied them me,
To sport and play whan I thought lang,
  And they sall na be tane by thee."

And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,
  Na thinking o' the skaith;*
And said, "To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,
  I wad be unco laith."†

But he has tane her by the yellow locks,
  And tied her till a tree,
And said, "For slichting my commands,
  An ill death sall ye dree."

He pu'd a tree out o' the wud,
  The biggest that was there;
And he howkit‡ a cave monie fathoms deep,
  And put May Marg'ret there.

---

* *Skaith*—harm. † *Unco laith*—very loth. ‡ *Howkit*—dug.

"Now rest ye there, ye saucie May,
My wuds are free for thee;
And gif I tak ye to mysell,
The better ye'll like me."

Na rest, na rest, May Marg'ret took,
Sleep she got never nane;
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
Her head upon a stane.

"O tak me out," May Marg'ret cried,
O tak me hame to thee;
And I sall be your bounden page
Until the day I dee."

He took her out o' the dungeon deep,
And awa wi' him she's gane;
But sad was the day an earl's dochter
Gaed hame wi' Hynde Etin.

* * * *

It fell out ance upon a day,
Hynde Etin's to the hunting gane;

And he has tane wi' him his eldest son,
For to carry his game.

"O I wad ask ye something, father,
An ye wadna angry be;"—
"Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask onie thing at me."

"My mother's cheeks are aft times weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry."—
"Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Tho' she should brast* and die.

For your mother was an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame;
And now she's wife o' Hynde Etin,
Wha ne'er got christendame.

But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift†
The buntlin‡ on the tree;
And ye'll tak them hame to your mother,
And see if she'll comforted be."

* * *

---

* *Brast*—burst. † *Laverock in the lift*—lark in the sky.
‡ *Buntlin*—Bunting.

"I wad ask ye something, mother,
An' ye wadna angry be."—
"Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask onie thing at me."

"Your cheeks they are aft times weet,
Alas! they're seldom dry:"—
"Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Tho' I should brast and die.

For I was ance an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame;
And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,
Wha ne'er got christendame."

* * * *

CLERK SAUNDERS.

The following is the North Country version of this popular and pathetic ballad. It is destitute of the concluding part which follows the death of the lovers, as given in the 'Border Minstrelsy.'

It was a sad and a rainy nicht,
As ever rain'd frae toun to toun,
Clerk Saunders and his lady gay,
They were in the fields sae broun.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders cried,
"A bed, a bed, let me lie doun;
For I am sae weet, and sae wearie,
That I canna gae, nor ride frae toun."

"A bed, a bed," his lady cried,
"A bed, a bed, ye'll ne'er get nane;
* * * *
* * *

For I hae seven bauld brethren,
Bauld are they, and very rude,
And if they find ye in bouer wi' me,
They winna care to spill your blude."

"Ye'll tak a lang claith in your hand,
Ye'll haud it up afore your een;
That ye may swear, and save your aith,
That ye saw na Sandy sin yestreen.*

And ye'll tak me in your arms twa,
Ye'll carry me into your bed,
That ye may swear, and save your aith,
That in your bou'r floor I never gaed."

She's tane a lang claith in her hand,
She's hauden't† up afore her een,

---

* *Sin yestreen*—since last evening. † *Hauden't*—held it.

That she might swear, and save her aith,
  That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen.

She has tane him in her arms twa,
  And carried him into her bed,
That she might swear, and save her aith,
  That on her bou'r floor he never gaed.

Then in there cam her firsten brother,
  Bauldly he cam steppin in:—
"Come here, come here, see what I see,
  We hae only but ae sister alive,
  And a knave is in bou'r her wi'!"

Then in and cam her second brother—
  Says, "Twa lovers are ill to twin:"
And in and cam her thirden brother.—
  "O brother, dear, I say the same."

Then in and cam her fourthen brother,—
  "It's a sin to kill a sleepin man:"
And in and cam her fifthen brother,—
  "O brother, dear, I say the same."

Then in and cam her sixthen brother,—
  "I wat he's ne'er be steer'd* by me:"

---

* *Steer'd*—disturbed.

But in and cam her seventhen brother,—
"I bear the hand that sall gar him dee."

Then out he drew a nut-brown sword,
I wat he stript it to the stroe,*
And thro' and thro' Clerk Saunder's body,
I wat he garr'd cauld iron go.

Then they lay there in ither's arms
Until the day began to daw;
Then kindly to him she did say,—
"It's time, my dear, ye were awa.

Ye are the sleepiest young man," she said,
That ever my twa een did see,
Ye've lain a' nicht into my arms,
I'm sure it is a shame to be."

She turn'd the blankets to the foot,
And turn'd the sheets unto the wa',
And there she saw his bluidy wound,
* * *

---

* *Stroe*—see note p. 238.

"O wae be to my seventhen brother!
I wat an ill death mot he dee,
He's kill'd Clerk Saunders, an earl's son,
I wat he's kill'd him unto me."

Then in and cam her father dear,
Cannie* cam he steppin in,—
Says, "Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,
What need you mak sic heavy meane.

We'll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,
And syne come back and comfort thee:"—
"O comfort weel your seven sons, father,
For man sall never comfort me;
Ye'll marrie me wi' the Queen o' Heaven,
For man sall never enjoy me!"

---

* *Cannie*—cautiously.

NOTE

ON

CLERK SAUNDERS.

Then out he drew a nut-brown sword,
I wat he stript it to the stroe.—p. 236, v. 13.

The meaning of the last line, which was explained by the reciter, "*I wat he thrust it to the hilt*, (stroe)," is obscure; and the explanation given is very unsatisfactory. The Editor knows of no authority for defining *stroe*, the hilt of a sword; and he suspects it is merely a corruption of *strae*. He is, therefore, inclined to view the meaning of the line as equivalent to the phrase, "*He slait it on the strae*," i. e. he drew the sword across the straw to give it a keen edge.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae;
And through Gil Morice fair bodie
He garr'd cauld iron gae.

Gil Morice.

Ye'll marry me to the Queen o' Heaven,
For man sall never enjoy me.—p. 237, v. 19.

In Popish times, the Virgin Mary was called by way of eminence, the "Queen of Heaven." The meaning of the figurative expression above quoted, appears to be, that the lady, after the death of her lover, wishes to devote herself to religious duties, or, in other words to become a nun.

SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET.

THOUGH this is evidently a separate and distinct ballad from the preceding one of "*Clerk Saunders*," yet the Editor of the Border Minstrelsy has incorporated it with that ballad; notwithstanding, it appears that he was informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest, that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. "For this, however," says he, "there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale."—vol. 2, p. 405. The Editor has obtained two copies of this ballad, as quite unconnected with "*Clerk Saunders*," and founded upon a different story. Another version of it, in the present form, under the title of "Sweet William's Ghost," will be found in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, and a similar one in the "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern," titled *William and Marjorie.*

SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET.

As May Marg'ret sat in her bouerie,
In her bouer all alone,
At the very parting o' midnicht,
She heard a mournfu' moan.

"O is it my father, O is it my mother?
Or is it my brother John?
Or is it Sweet William, my ain true-love,
To Scotland new come home?"

"It is na your father, it is na your mother,
It is na your brother John:
But it is Sweet William, your ain true-love,
To Scotland new come home."—

"Hae ye brought me onie fine things,
Onie new thing for to wear?
Or hae ye brought me a braid o' lace,
To snood up my gowden hair?"

"I've brought ye na fine things at all,
Nor onie new thing to wear,
Nor hae I brought ye a braid of lace,
To snood up your gowden hair.

"But Margaret! dear Margaret!
I pray ye speak to me;
O gie me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi' ye twin,
Till ye come within my bouer,
And kiss me cheek and chin."

"O Margaret! dear Margaret!
I pray ye speak to me;
O gie me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi' ye twin,
Till ye tak me to yonder kirk,
And wed me wi' a ring."

"O should I come within your bouer,
I am na earthly man;
If I should kiss your red, red lips,
Your days wad na be lang.

"My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard,
It's far ayont the sea;
And it is my spirit, Margaret,
That's speaking unto thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I twin wi' thee,
Till ye tell me the pleasures o' Heaven,
And pains of hell how they be."

"The pleasures of Heaven I wat not of,
But the pains of hell I dree;
There some are hie hang'd for huring,
And some for adulterie."

Then Marg'ret took her milk-white hand,
And smooth'd it on his breast;—
"Tak your faith and troth, William,
God send your soul good rest."

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

Henry II. of England, while Duke of Normandy, married, at the age of nineteen, "the fam'd Eleanor Dutchess of Guienne and Aquitain, who had lately been divorc'd from Lewis king of France, for consanguinity and suspicion of adultery, after she had born him two daughters."—*Echard*, b. ii. c. 1. The great disparity in age, and the moral taint which attached to her, would lead us to suspect that Henry was directed in his choice, more by the allurement of several rich provinces in France, than by affection for the lady. This may account for his notorious infidelity to her bed, particularly with 'Fair Rosamond,' whom, it is said, Eleanor, in a fit of jealousy, caused to be poisoned. Whilst our historians charge Eleanor with insti-

gating her sons to rebel against their father, to which she was incited by jealousy and ill usage, they do not breathe the slightest suspicion against her conjugal honour while queen of England. It would, therefore, appear that the ballad has no foundation in truth, other than it may allude to her conduct whilst the wife of Louis VII.

The present copy of this ballad differs considerably from the version given in Percy's *Reliques*.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

THE queen fell sick, and very, very sick,
She was sick and like to dee;
And she sent for a friar oure frae France,
Her confessour to be.

King Henry when he heard o' that,
An angry man was he;
And he sent to the Earl Marshall,
Attendance for to gie.

"The queen is sick," king Henry cried,
"And wants to be beshriven;
She has sent for a friar oure frae France,
By the Rude* he were better in heaven.

---

* *Rude*—The Cross.

But tak you now a friar's guise,
  The voice and gesture feign,
And when she has the pardon crav'd,
  Respond to her, Amen!

And I will be a prelate old,
  And sit in a corner dark,
To hear the adventures of my spouse,
  My spouse, and her haly spark."

"My liege! my liege! how can I betray
  My mistress and my queen!
O swear by the Rude that no damage
  From this shall be gotten or gien."

"I swear by the Rude," quoth king Henry,
  "No damage shall be gotten or gien.
Come, let us spare no cure nor care,
  For the conscience o' the queen.

* * * *

"O fathers! O fathers! I'm very, very sick,
  I'm sick and like to dee;
Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul,
  O tell if ye can gie!"

"Confess! confess!" Earl Marshall cried,
"And you shall pardoned be;"
"Confess! confess!" the king replied,
"And we shall comfort gie."

"Oh, how shall I tell the sorry, sorry tale?
How can the tale be told!
I play'd the harlot wi' the Earl Marshall,
Beneath yon cloth of gold.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardoned be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the Earl Marshall,
And a very fear't heart had he.

"O down i' the forest, in a bower,
Beyond yon dark oak-tree,
I drew a penknife frae my pocket,
To kill king Henerie.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardoned be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the Earl Marshall,
And a very fear't heart had he.

"O do you see yon pretty little boy,
That's playing at the ba'?
He is the Earl Marshall's only son,
And I loved him best of a'.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardoned be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the Earl Marshall,
And a very fear't heart had he.

"And do you see yon pretty little girl
That's a' beclad in green?
She's a friar's daughter oure in France,
And I hoped to see her a queen.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardoned be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the Earl Marshall,
And a fear't heart still had he.

"O do you see yon other little boy,
That's playing at the ba'?
He is king Henry's only son,
And I like him warst of a'.

"He's headed like a buck," she said,
"And backed like a bear:"—
"Amen!" quoth the king, in the king's ain voice,
"He shall be my only heir!"

The king look'd over his left shoulder,
An angry man was he:—
"An it werna for the oath I sware,
Earl Marshall, thou shouldst dee."

MARY HAMILTON.

THIS north country version of the popular ballad of 'The Queen's Marie,' differs greatly from the copy published in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. 3, p. 87. The reader is referred to the introductory note to that copy for the story upon which this ballad is apparently founded. The Editor has heard the two following stanzas repeated as belonging to another version:

My father is the Duke of Argyle,
  My mother's a lady gay;
And I, mysel, am a daintie dame,
  And the king desired me.

He shaw'd me up, he shaw'd me doun,
  He shaw'd me to the ha',
He shaw'd me to the low cellars,
  And that was warst of a'.

MARY HAMILTON.

"WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe,
And stood at my mither's knee,
Nae witch nor warlock* did unfauld
The death I was to dree.

But my mither was a proud woman,
A proud woman and a bauld;
And she hired me to Queen Mary's bouer
When scarce eleven years auld.

O happy, happy, is the maid
That's born of beauty free!

---

* *Warlock*—wizard.

It was my dimpling rosy cheeks
That's been the dule* o' me;
And wae be to that weirdless wicht,†
And a' his witcherie."

* * *

Word's gane up, and word's gane doun,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Mary Hamilton was wi' bairn,
And na body ken'd to wha.

But in and cam the Queen hersel,
Wi' gowd plait on her hair;—
Says, "Mary Hamilton, whare is the babe
That I heard greet sae sair?"

"There is na babe within my bouer,
And I hope there ne'er will be;
But it's me wi' a sair and sick colic,
And I'm just like to dee."

But they looked up, they looked down,
Atween the bowsters‡ and the wa',

---

* *Dule*—grief. † *Weirdless wicht*—ill-fated person.
‡ *Bowsters*—bolsters.

It's there they got a bonnie lad-bairn,*
But it's life it was awa'.

"Rise up, rise up, Mary Hamilton,
Rise up and dress ye fine,
For you maun gang to Edinbruch,
And stand afore the nine.

Ye'll no put on the dowie black,
Nor yet the dowie brown;
But ye'll put on the robes o' red,
To sheen thro' Edinbruch town."

"I'll no put on the dowie black,
Nor yet the dowie brown;
But I'll put on the robes o' red,
To sheen thro' Edinbruch town."

As they gaed thro' Edinbruch town,
And down by the Nether-bow,
There war monie a lady fair
Siching and crying, "Och! how†!"

---

* *Lad-bairn*—man-child. † *Och! how!*—oh! alas!

"O weep na mair for me, ladies,
Weep na mair for me;
Yestreen I killed my ain bairn,
The day I deserve to dee.

What need ye hech! and how! ladies,
What need ye how! for me;
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,—
Queen Mary has nane to gie."

"Gae forward, gae forward," the Queen she said,
"Gae forward, that ye may see;
For the very same words that ye hae said,
Sall hang ye on the gallows tree."

As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
She gied loud lauchters three;
But or ever she cam down again,
She was condemn'd to dee.

"O tak example frae me, Maries,
O tak example frae me,
Nor gie your luve to courtly lords,
Nor heed their witchin' ee.

"But wae be to the Queen hersel,
She micht hae pardon'd me;
But sair she's striven for me to hang
Upon the gallows tree.

Yestreen the Queen had four maries,
The nicht she'll hae but three;
There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

Aft hae I set pearls in her hair,
Aft hae I lac'd her gown,
And this is the reward I now get,
To be hang'd in Edinbruch town!

O a' ye mariners, far and near,
That sail ayont the faem,*
O dinna let my father and mither ken,
But what I am coming hame.

O a' ye mariners, far and near,
That sail ayont the sea,

---

* *Faem*—properly *foam*, but here used to signify the *sea*.

Let na my father and mither ken,
  The death I am to dee.

Sae, weep na mair for me, ladies,
  Weep na mair for me,
The mither that kills her ain bairn
  Deserves weel for to dee."

NOTE

ON

MARY HAMILTON.

For ye maun gang to Edinbruch,
And stand afore the nine.—p. 255, v. 8.

Anciently the supreme criminal Court of Scotland was composed of *nine* members, viz. the Justiciar, or Justice General, and his eight Deputes, who were called *Attornati Justiciarii.* They had also the privilege of being present at the Privy Council, to whom they acted as assessors in all criminal matters that came before them.

LORD BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

Another version of this ballad, differing considerably from the present, will be found in Mr. Jamieson's Collection, vol. 2, p. 17.

YOUNG Beichan was in London born,
  He was a man of hie degree;
He past thro' monie kingdoms great,
  Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
  Their way of worship viewed he;
But unto onie of their stocks*
  He wadna sae much as bow a knee:

---

* *Stocks*—objects of idolatry.

Which made him to be taken straight,
  And brought afore their hie jurie;
The savage Moor did speak upricht,
  And made him meikle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've bor'd a hole,
  And in ilka hole they've put a tree;
They've made him to draw carts and wains,
  Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born,
  And still a Christian was he;
Which made them put him in prison strang,
  And cauld and hunger sair to dree;
And fed on nocht but bread and water,
  Until the day that he mot* dee.

In this prison there grew a tree,
  And it was unco stout and strang;
Where he was chained by the middle,
  Until his life was almaist gane.

---

* *Mot*—might.

The savage Moor had but ae dochter,
And her name it was Susie Pye;
And ilka day as she took the air,
The prison door she passed bye.

But it fell ance upon a day,
As she was walking, she heard him sing;
She listen'd to his tale of woe,
A happy day for young Beichan!

"My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
My youngest brother will heir my lands,
My native land I'll never see."

"O were I but the prison-keeper,
As I'm a ladie o' hie degree,
I soon wad set this youth at large,
And send him to his ain countrie."

She went away into her chamber,
All nicht she never clos'd her ee;
And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,
And monie pieces o' white monie,
To tak her thro' the bolts and bars,
The lord frae Scotland she lang'd to see:—
She saw young Beichan at the stake,
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

"O hae ye got onie lands," she says,
"Or castles in your ain countrie?
It's what wad ye gie to the ladie fair
Wha out o' prison wad set you free?"

"It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi' monie castles fair to see,
And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,
Wha out o' prison wad set me free."

The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie:—
She fill'd his pockets baith wi' gowd,
To tak him till his ain countrie.

She took him frae her father's prison,
And gied to him the best o' wine;

And a brave health she drank to him,—
"I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!

It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true;
If ye'll wed wi' na ither woman,
It's I will wed na man but you."

She's tane him to her father's port,
And gien to him a ship o' fame,—
"Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
I fear I'll ne'er see you again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
And lowly, lowly, loutit* he:—
"Ere seven lang years come to an end,
I'll tak you to mine ain countrie."

* * *

Then whan he cam to Glasgow town,
A happy, happy, man was he;
The ladies a' around him thrang'd,
To see him come frae slaverie.

---

* *Loutit*—bowed down.

His mother she had died o' sorrow,
  And a' his brothers were dead but he;
His lands they a' were lying waste,
  In ruins were his castles free.

Na porter there stood at his yett;
  Na human creature he could see;
Except the screeching owls and bats,
  Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,
  And he had gowd and jewels free;
And soon the pages around him thrang'd,
  To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,
  His table rung wi' mirth and glee;
He soon forgot the lady fair,
  That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,
  To heir wi' him his lands sae free,
Ne'er thinking that a lady fair
  Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

For Susie Pye could get na rest,
  Nor day nor nicht could happy be,
Still thinking on the Scottish Lord,
  Till she was sick and like to dee.

But she has builded a bonnie ship,
  Weel mann'd wi' seamen o' hie degree;
And secretly she stept on board,
  And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,
  The bells were ringing sae merrilie;
It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
  Wi' a lady fair o' hie degree.

But sic a vessel was never seen,
  The very masts were tapp'd wi' gold!
Her sails were made o' the satin fine,
  Maist beautiful for to behold.

But whan the lady cam on shore,
  Attended wi' her pages three,
Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,
  And she a lady of great beautie.

Then to the skipper she did say,
"Can ye this answer gie to me—
Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid?
He surely lives in this countrie."

Then up bespak the skipper bold,
(For he could speak the Turkish tongue,)—
"Lord Beichan lives not far away,
This is the day of his wedding."

"If ye will guide me to Beichan's yetts,
I will ye well reward," said she,—
Then she and all her pages went,
A very gallant companie.

When she cam to Lord Beichan's yetts,
She tirl'd gently at the pin,
Sae ready was the proud porter
To let the wedding guests come in.

"Is this Lord Beichan's house," she says,
Or is that noble Lord within?"
"Yes, he is gane into the hall,
With his brave bride, and monie ane."

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece of bread,
Bot and a cup of his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse him out o' pyne."*

Then in and cam the porter bold,
I wat he gae three shouts and three,—
"The fairest lady stands at your yetts,
That ever my twa een did see."

Then up bespak the bride's mither,
I wat an angry woman was she,—
"You micht hae excepted our bonnie bride,
Tho' she'd been three times as fair as she."

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mot she be!
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,
And on her mid-finger she has three;

---

* *Lowse him out o' pyne*—delivered him out of bondage.

She has as meikle gowd upon her head,
  As wad buy an Earldom o' land to thee.

My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
  Bot and a cup o' your best wine,
And bids you mind the lady's love
  That ance did lowse ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,
  I wat he made the table flee,—
"I wad gie a' my yearlie rent
  'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea."

Syne up bespak the bride's mother,—
  She was never heard to speak sae free,—
"Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,
  Tho' Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,
  For she is ne'er the waur o' me;
She cam to me on horseback riding,
  And she sall gang hame in chariot free."

He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,
  And led her thro' his halls sae hie,—

"Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me."

Lord Beichan prepar'd for another wedding,
Wi' baith their hearts sae fu' o' glee;—
Says, "I'll range na mair in foreign lands,
Sin Susie Pye has cross'd the sea.

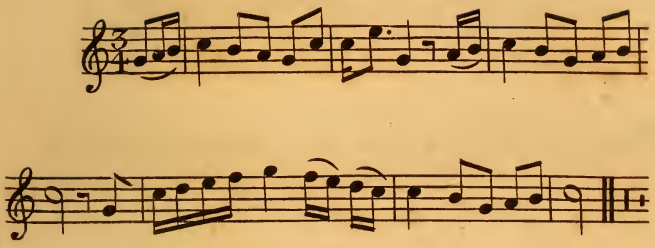
Fy!* gar a' our cooks mak ready;
And fy! gar a' our pipers play;
And fy! gar trumpets gae thro' the toun,
That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!"

---

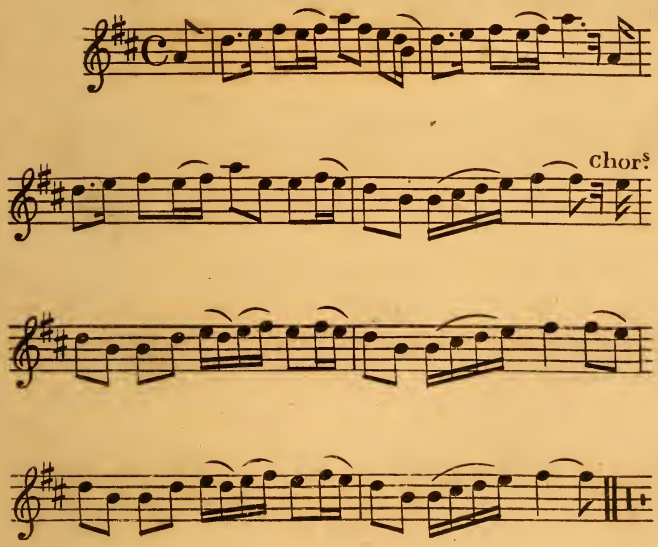
* *Fy!*—haste.

APPENDIX.

YOUNG REDIN. Page 1.



THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER. Page 25.



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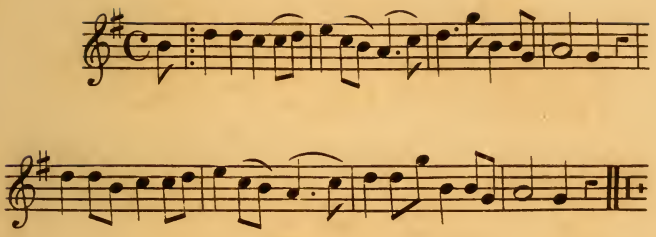
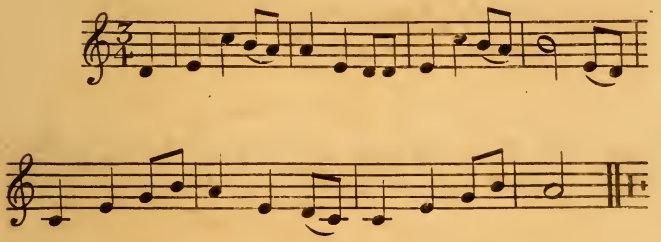
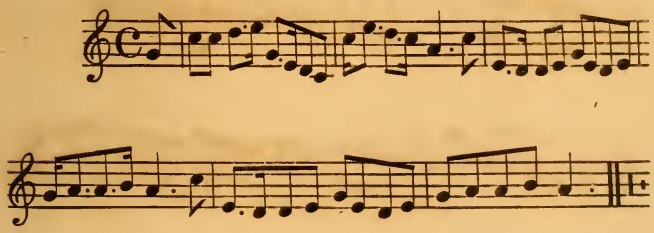
THE CRUEL MOTHER. Page 44.



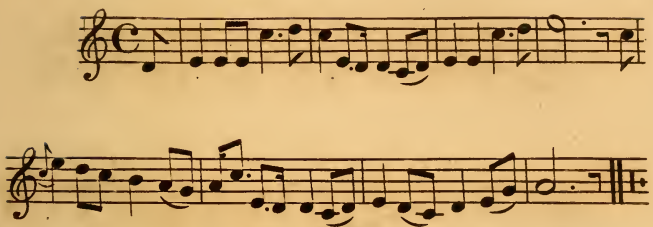
ROBIN HOOD. Page 65.



THE GARDENER. Page 74.



LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRIE. Page 89.



BONNY HOUSE OF AIRLY. Page 100.

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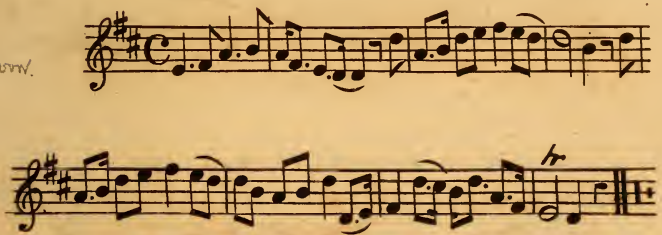
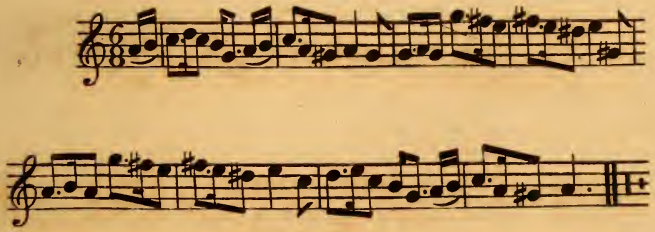


QUEEN JEANIE. Page 116.



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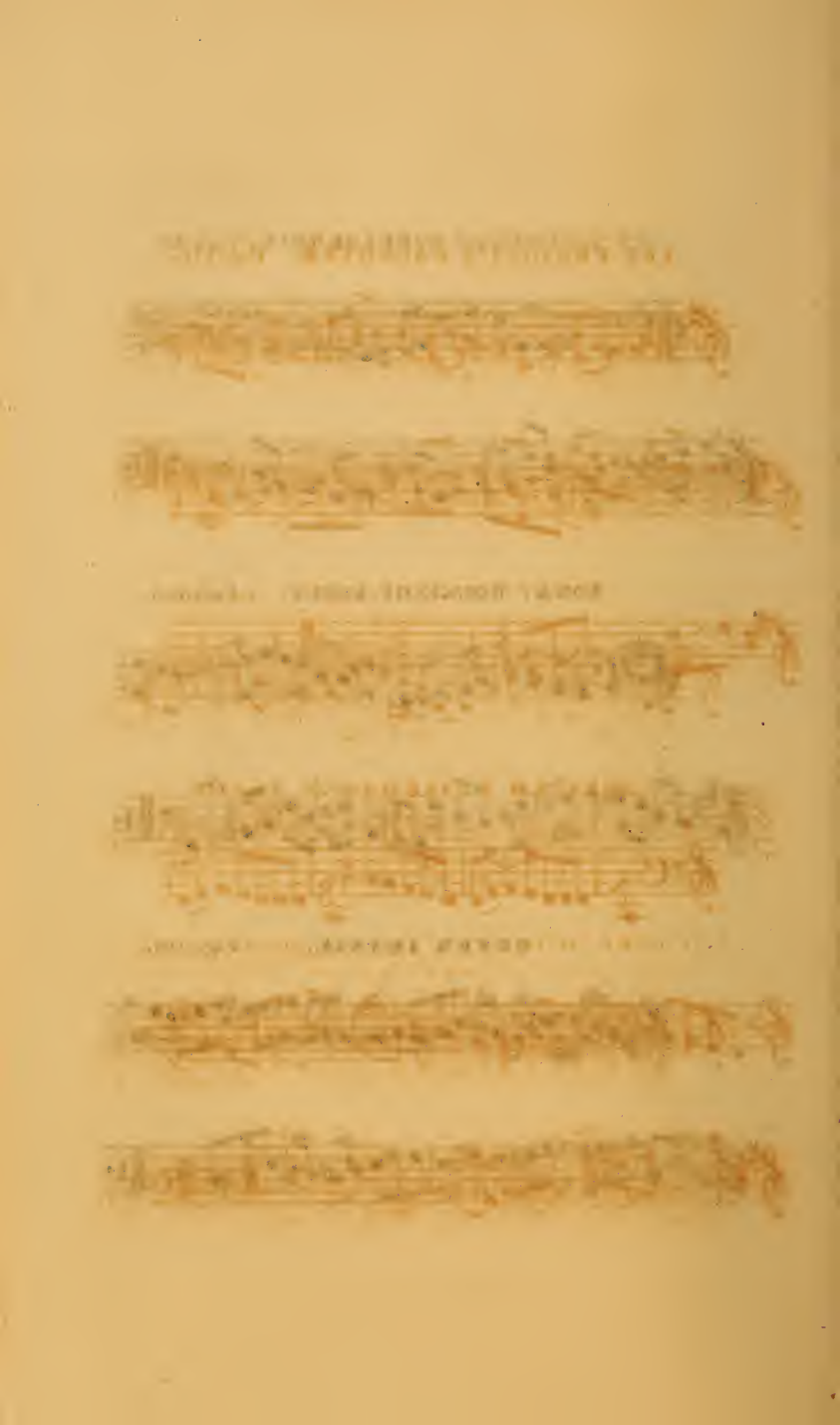
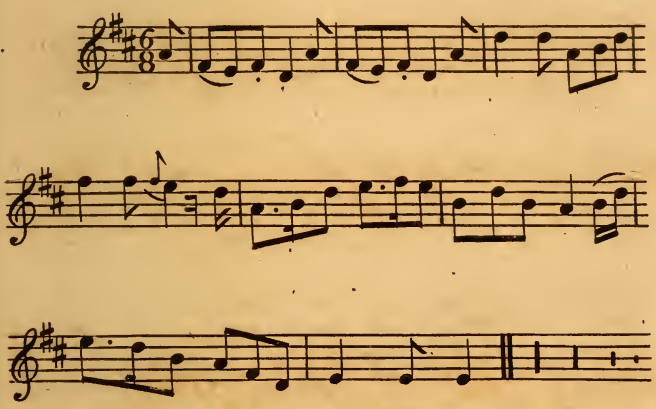
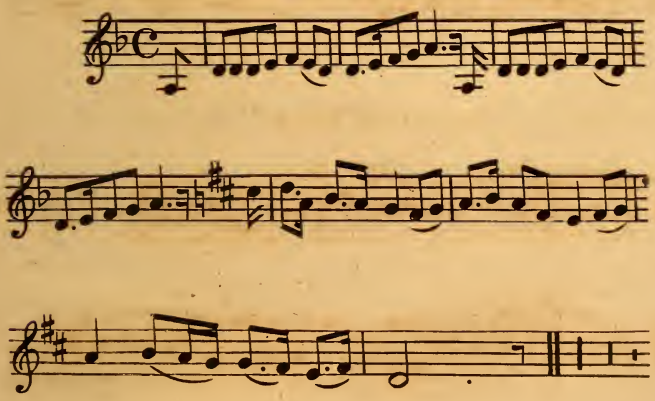


THE PROVOST'S DAUGHTER. Page 131.



WILLIAM GUISEMAN. Page 156.



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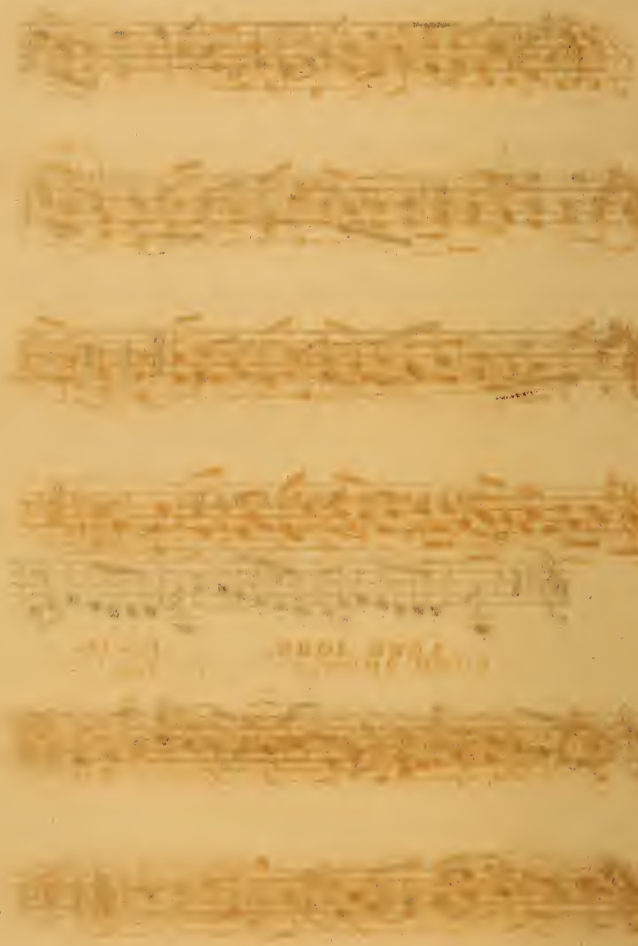
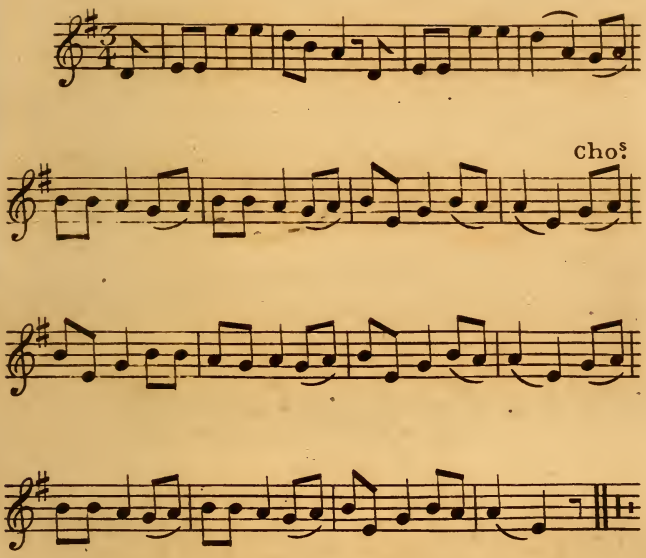
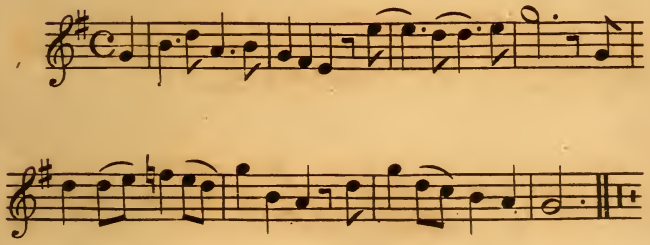


GEORDIE. Page 187.



LORD JOHN. Page 195.



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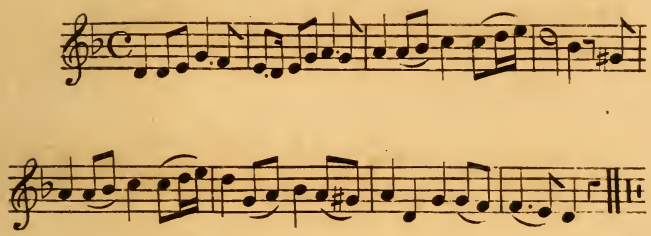
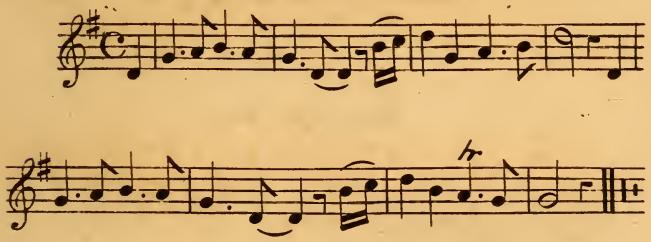
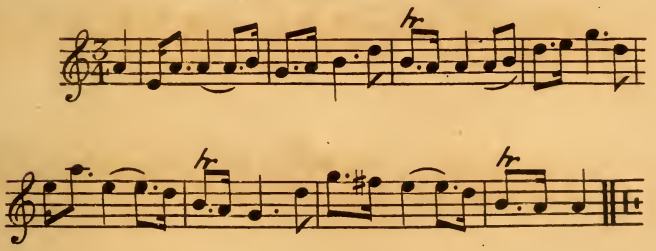
THE LAIRD OF DRUM. Page 199.



JOCK O' HAZELGREEN. Page 206.



THE DUKE OF PERTH'S Three Daughters. Page 210.



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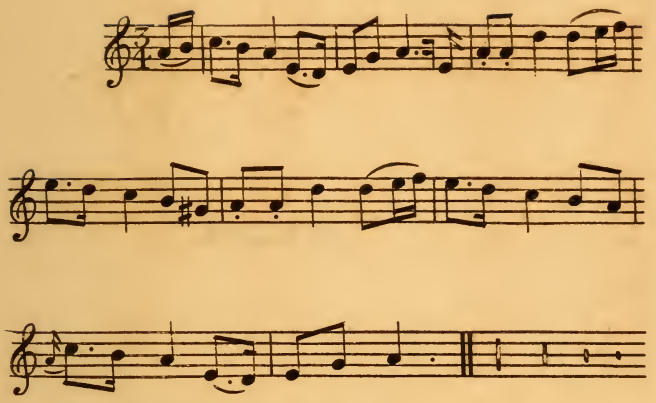
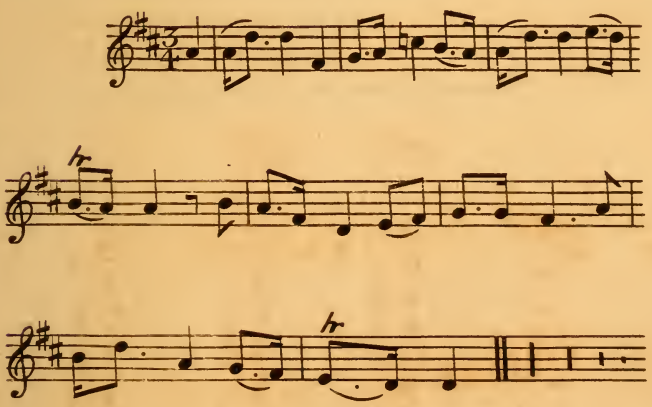
CLERK SAUNDERS. Page 233.



LORD BEICHAN. Page 260.



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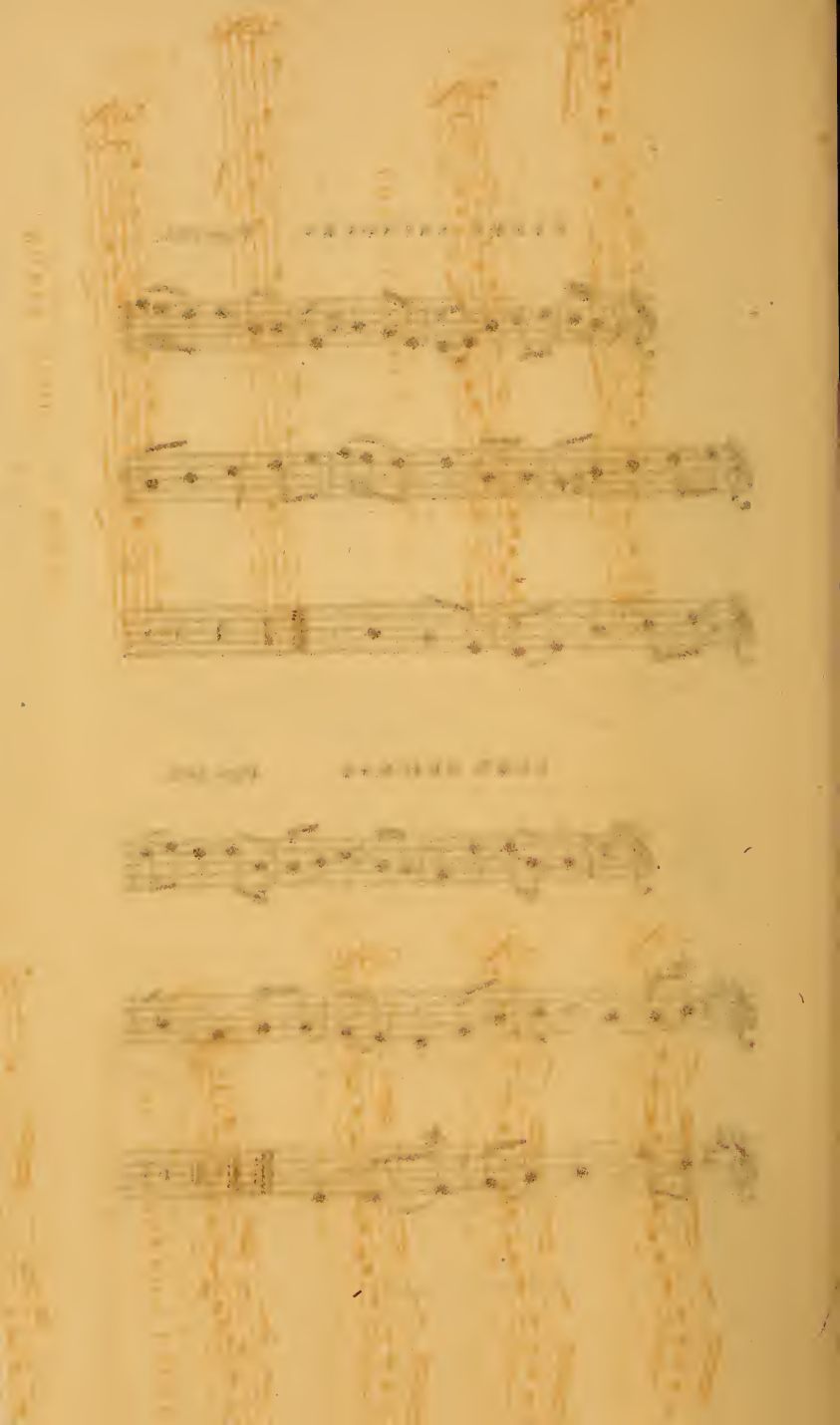

ERRATA.

Page 28, foot note, for *so*, read *such*.

— 68, line 6, for *even*, read *been*.

— ——— for the *Editor*, read *He*.

— 69, foot note, for *Briku*, read *Bruik*.

— 79, line 12, for *ane*, read *ain*.

— 153 line 4, after *een*, add †

— — foot note, after *Twelve*, insert † *Een*—one.

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